THE

ENGLISH REVIEW

EDITED BY AUSTIN HARRISON

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Edited by Austin Harrison

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THE

ENGLISH REVIEW

JULY, 1922.

The First and the Last

By Stephen Southwold

LOVE lay with me last night caught in a net
Of clouded dream, and all night long I held
Communion with her sleep-dispelling mouth;
And in her eyes the Play of Life was set
Wherein man struts the part of God and beast;
And through the hours my visioning was spell'd
With strange enchantments, while a honied drouth
Cloyed-up my tongue, till Lust, the lesser priest
About her shrine,
Poured the libation of my spirit's wine.

Then Love uprose and drew herself away,
And would have fled but I put forth my hand;
Constraining her, I cried, " Thou shalt not go
Leaving me here alone to front the day
Most desolate because of thee, unless
Thou mak'st me free of all thy promised land
For ever at my will, that I may know
Thee in thy liberty and thy duress;
And haply free
My flesh from thy besetting empery."

Love turned to me and said, " I am not flesh,
This body is not love; before the first
Dawn shook the heavens with wonder I was come
Triumphant and acclaimed; and when the thresh
Of earth's young seas leapt upward to the moon

I brooded on the waters. Beauty burst
The earth with flowers for me; I am the sum
Of every sudden spring and blazing June;
My feet are set
On the first star and the last violet.

" Babylon came by me, and out of me
Sprang Nineveh; and magic passionate
Rose-cities flung their beauty to the sky;
I dreamed the Pyramids, and starred the sea
With many a painted galley; Egypt throve
Under my smile, and Rome made subjugate
The corners of the earth. Men came to die
For little dreams I taught them; dying, strove
With their last breath
To shout my triumph in the ears of Death.

" I am the harvest and the quickening seed;
Alpha and Omega. Lacking me, the scheme
And purpose of the universe are void.
I am the Christ in every piteous creed;
The very fount of Gods; the sole defence
Of all thy humankind who blindly deem
Me pandar-ministrant, and being cloyed
With Lust's dull draught foul the magnificence
That tends my state
With the sick loathing of the satiate."

Magic Fire

By Robert Haven Schauffler

A CANDLE suddenly pierced the night
Where our young curlyhead lay sleeping.
He woke, half dazzled by the light;
Then we saw creeping
Into the mystery of those sleep-dimmed eyes
The dawn of deep surprise,
As he beheld the draught-blown flicker leaping.

He crowed and clapped his hands in ecstasy,
And held them forth to capture
And to caress that thing of rapture.
Thereat, in the exuberance of his pleasure,
Swaying he rose and trod a rude, instinctive measure.
So, on the earthen floor
Of his primæval dwelling,
Might dance a stone-age man in Labrador.

And then, as we
Watched our light-drunken boy
And felt his gaiety upwelling,
Faintly we seemed to hear
Vibrating down the ages, wild and clear,
Reverberations of the primal joy
Our savage fathers knew when first
Into the bleak and groping world there came
And on their bodies beat
The power and glory of Promethean heat,
And on their spirits burst
The magic flower of flame;
And life surged half a heaven higher
As man began his awed, ecstatic dance
Around that new-born radiance,
His first home fire.

Cytherea

By Robert Haven Schauffler

I HAVE escaped from her,
The creature with the beckoning breast
And lustful eyes.
I have escaped the velvet, feline purr
Of that voluptuous voice,
The talons keen as thorns
(Were those the thorns that pierced the God-man's brow?).
I have escaped to where the soul may rest
And in its proud autonomy rejoice,—
To where the mind
Triumphantly may find
The sphere it most can prize:
The battlefield of long, creative morns
Cleansed by the upland wind.

I have escaped from her
While she was glutted . . .
Now
The heavy lashes
Half hide the drowsy, grey,
Hypnotic eyes
Whose brands are banked with ashes.
Relaxed and tender are the snowy knees
That were but now so passionate to seize
And hold their prey,
And the delicious arms more wild than these.

I will flee far away!
I will take the wings of morning
And make my solitary landing where,
Hard by some ash-grey shore,
My spirit and mind and frame may float
In water sparkling fresh
And clean as glacial air.
Then on that iron shore—
Sexless and utterly remote

From the dread gift that Eve to Adam bore—
Shall I lie down and watch the baldhead eagle soar
Unfluttering to his craggy nest.
Like him shall I know rest. . .
Never shall I awake to find the bare,
The fresh,
The radiant flesh
Of her incomparable side
Pressed close to mine, throbbing unsatisfied;
Nevermore, nevermore
Be dizzied by the fragrance of her hair,
Or feel the pulse's maddened heave
When her warm breast my bosom stings.
Forever shall I leave . . .

Fool that I am! . . . She too has wings!

I Have a Ship of Thoughts

By E. W. Jacot

I HAVE a ship of thoughts
  Which sailing goes
Past the fair summer lands,
  Past the far snows.

Far beyond edge of day
  Silently sails
My fair tall ship of thoughts
  Unknown to gales.

Far beyond edge of day
  In still lagoons
Anchors my ship of thoughts
  Under strange moons.

So homeward bound again
  Mayhap a star
Caught in her tackle, will
  Hang from a spar.

Sir Perseus and the Fair Andromeda (ii)

By Robert Nichols

IV

Ten nights later the vessel passed Sicily. At midnight Andromeda awoke in darkness laden with the heavy spices of innumerable flowers. From time to time illumined by the flutter of summer lightning, the two great treasure-coffers, between which she lay, leaped into vision, and when this happened the horsemen traced upon their panels lowered their lances and charged. . . .

Andromeda arose.

Upon the poop the helmsman, his head lost among the dusk and confusion of swarming lights, leaned backward upon the butt of the tiller in contemplation of his guiding star. Amidships towered the mast. At its foot sat a page, harp to shoulder, singing to himself in a low tone and running his fingers lingeringly over the strings. Forward of the still sail in the decked prow leaned the solitary figure of Sir Perseus. Very softly she approached him.

"This should be Sicily," said he, "visited by the blessed Saint Paul, who——"

At that moment the northern sky pulsed with a thrice-repeated uprush of scarlet light; the silhouette of a mountainous island towered so immensely close above the mast-head as to appear about to topple and overwhelm the ship; a dull tremor shook the air; dew falling from the shrouds pattered along the deck; a whiff of ashes and hot minerals mingled with the offshore breath of valley flowers.

"The flame and hammer of the Cyclops in their stithy——" murmured Andromeda.

"What are they?" said Sir Perseus.

But she did not answer him, for darkness had fallen once more, darkness heavy with the perfume of violets, fraught with the stinging scent of fire; darkness astir with the sighing undulance of waves gliding shoreward, aflicker with the soft, sweet eyes of countless constellations; darkness in which her soul dissolved and became one with the

passion of the waters, of the slow airs, of the profound night. So authentic was the swell of feeling in Andromeda's bosom that she could not but be persuaded that her stern captor must inevitably be a prey to it also.

"Hero," she sighed, "my hero!" and she abandoned herself upon his breast. Sir Perseus put her to an arm's distance, and hurriedly crossed himself.

"Maiden," said he, "sensible as I am of your gratitude, a gratitude methinks not unnatural under the circumstances, and a gratitude, meseemeth, not unbecoming in one so recently but a poor pagan, I pray you stay a little the force of this emotion."

"Ah, my hero, luckless am I. You endeavour to cloak in courtly speech the fact that I am not worthy of you."

"Meseemeth you mistake me, maugre mine honesty. Let me disclose unto you that I am a Christian knight. Suffer me to remain such. Great pity it is that in heathen ignorance you should seem to assay to make me other. With us such a pledge of due gratitude is neither expected nor required, and is, moreover, contrary both to that which we look for in women—albeit she is a weak vessel—and to the dictates of religion."

"My hero, why should you feign a coldness? That is the woman's part, not yours. Listen to the sighing of the sea, gentle as the rustle of the plumes of the infant Eros! Mark how about the ship ascends the surf-light, soft as the roseate nimbus encircles the goddess herself when at midnight she rises from her bed in the foam to bend in smiling benediction over the couch where the sturdy bridegroom mingles his kisses with the tears of the bride! Inhale the odours of the night distilled from violets not more dark than the shadows about the eyes of Artemis as she withdraws ere dawn from the arms of Endymion! What, no answer? Ah, I see it is your wanderer's mischief. Tell me—are the girls of the Saracens beautiful? Have you left in the shallow courts of Jerusalem some damsel whose body, graceful as the stem of a palm, is bedewed with nard, under whose eyelids lurk pupils like demi-lunes, whose hair is black as the water of the pool she watches at moonrise, when, veiled with jasmine, she sits beneath the arcade listening to the whisper of the breeze that now, alas, bears you every moment further away? Luckless am I!

I see it must be so. In silence you dream of her, of her slender hands and the tender impatience with which they stripped you of your gear ere she laid her small breasts, shapely as the almond and pale as its kernel, against yours, that you might solace yourself with limbs warmer than milk new yielded by the goat, and mingle your breath with sighs more fragrant than the roses of Ispahan. Such are your regrets, and so do they consume you that you do not permit yourself to regard me. Yet why uselessly repine, my hero? Did not the oracle of Aphrodite's very self, addressing the lovelorn youth who wept before her temple-threshold, conjure him, saying, 'There are as good fish in the sea as ever came out of it'? And surely the goddess ought to know, being born of the brine? Put from you, I beseech, these memories, sweet though they be, since they can but be bitter to you now. Suffer your heart to be appeased by that which your hand has won. Not every day is it that the spoil of a princess of Greece is granted to even the most courageous of heroes. Look in my eyes. Place your hand beneath my heart. This is I—Andromeda, daughter of Cassiope, judged aforetime the fairest of living women, and it is said of me that I excel my mother as the dawn the vesperal star!"

Sir Perseus turned. Thrice he crossed himself. Then he pushed her hastily down the companion-way into the hold, and clapped the hatches on her.

V

A stiff wind heeled the vessel as she approached the pillars of Hercules. Through the port Andromeda beheld tower up beyond sudden flights of spray the gigantic figure of Atlas balancing, as the vintager the pottle toward the press, the world's orb upon his nape. A wide Atlantic sunset bronzed his noble visage; his blue locks glittered like icicles; slow clouds, gathered about his everlasting shoulders, cast their shadows upwards into the hollows beneath his patient brow. Three separate showers dissolving upon the forest of the Hesperides, amidst which he stood, veiled his knees, so that he appeared to ascend, substantial but inexplicable, from out the very dusk of the travelling rains. Long Andromeda gazed at him as he receded and the comely ruddiness shrank from off his limbs.

At last, when his head could no longer be distinguished from the burden he bore, she turned to the polished targe that overhung her and watched therein his tiny figure diminish to a speck. And when this in turn vanished, Andromeda, for the first time since she was a child, and to her own great astonishment, burst into tears.

* * * * * *

The long, arduous voyage drew to a close. The hymns of the ship's company took on a tone less dolorous than that customary, till, spying the white cliffs and the leas dotted with sheep like daisies, the pilgrims lifted their eyes heavenward to sing:—

"Jerusalem quæ ædificatur ut civitas,
Cujus participatio ejus in idipsum,
Fiat pax in virtute tua,
Abundantia in turribus tuis."

Andromeda, too, albeit clothed at the strange insistence of her champion in a rough, square-cut smock, which only too effectually obliterated the form, once the Ægean's marvel and a source of innocent self-congratulation to its possessor, felt her spirits revive.

VI

About the masthead myriad gulls were wheeling; from between the seaward hills floated such a fragmentary sound as never before had charmed her ears—the gentle tintinnabulation of cloistral bells; and in the harbour ahead between the stone jetty and the shrine upon the pier, where the ripple-flecked virgin, crowned with a tiar of shells, gazed unwinkingly seaward, waiting to greet with her painted eyes the eyes of the homing fisherman, tawny sailors even now hoisted wallowing sheets, broidered with a tangle of briar roses or heavy with the golden bulbs of the *fleur-de-lys*.

The pilgrim ship received an enthusiastic welcome-home. Upon the prow Sir Perseus elevated the palm he had gathered on the Mount of Transfiguration. At that sign all the splendid company thronging the jetty, save the bishop and his acolytes, fell upon their knees. The reek of watering wax, the cloudy sweetness of incense mingled with the desultory fragrance of the sea, the stench of seaweed and the odour of blistering stone. In the belfry of

the wharfside church the turbulent bells, like vociferous children clattering down a spiral, joyfully carolled, while the hum of the bronzen undertone mingled with the devotional murmur of the multitude. Sir Perseus stepped ashore. One by one he displayed the relics, the treasures, the curios, and the chance-finds that he and his companions had gotten, and Andromeda, standing upon the poop, awaited the hour when the hero should proclaim her as his bride, the beautiful and willing spoil of his victorious sword. " For surely," she argued, " he has but humiliated me with his rough treatment and this ignoble garb that he may tame my spirit, bringing it into that wifely subjection heroes require of their mates."

When twilight fell Sir Perseus was yet displaying his trophies. Curfew sounded its hundred and one solemn strokes. The church upon the wharf seemed to gather its forces together like a beast at crouch. The spire exalted itself into the darkening abyss of the sky. Strange lights flowered behind the eyes of the chancel, and in those petalled orbs smouldered enigmatic figures. Andromeda drew her sackcloth yet closer about her.

The voice of Sir Perseus continued in exposition, mingled with outbursts of gratitude and piety. But the crowd had thinned. Finally, the hero's memory ran short.

" Remaineth yet, sir," the page reminded him, " the lute said to have been used by the magician Orpheus in his contest with the Devil for the hand of the Woman of Babylon and signed on the back with his initials; the dagger engraved with ' A Present from Damascus,' purchased in Alexandria; the tables of the Law, hewn of veritable Sinai granite, guaranteed an exact replica in miniature of those irretrievably broken by Moses; the damsel you rescued from your last dragon, and the lovebirds brought you as a tribute all the way from Ceylon by an old woman, who had known your father, and who hoped that you would see your way to help defray the expenses of her journey."

Sir Perseus made a gesture of knightly weariness and glanced at the remaining spectators. The dozen odd remaining spectators glanced at each other, nodded, and dispersed. The odour of fresh roast mutton, long untasted by the voyagers, impregnated the air. Sir Perseus retired below.

When, finally, Andromeda, bearing under orders from the bo'sun a birdcage in one hand and a monkey on a chain in the other, stepped ashore and found herself among the chests of linen, the heaps of Saracen armour, the dragon's teeth, assorted giants' ears, dried paynim heads, and other bric-à-brac, it was to be greeted by a hunchback dwarf wearing the pied livery of a fool, who, putting two fingers in his mouth, winked at her and uttered a prolonged whistle. One other figure she descried in the dusk. The monkey, bouncing from Andromeda's arm, scurried forward. The figure turned. Andromeda beheld a pretty young woman, who, looking up at her out of archy childish eyes, exclaimed in mellifluous accents, " Ah, you must be Andromeda. Sir Perseus mentioned you to me. It would seem that we both have had the good fortune to be rescued by that noble youth."

The monkey stopped short, cracked a nut in its teeth, found the kernel distasteful, spat it out, and, squatting on his haunches, began thoughtfully to scratch his thigh, watching the two ladies the while with a troubled expression.

" Kiss me, Andromeda, dear. We shall be the greatest friends, I feel sure. My name is Una."

A lamb, which the stranger led upon a ribbon, trotted forward, uttering a simpering and plaintive bleat. The monkey wrinkled its wizen face, and, slowly wheeling about, presented Tyrian splendours to his new-found companion.

VII

Andromeda, standing in her octagonal chamber at the top of one of the lesser turrets, shivered. Camelot's wistfulness was at that moment lost on her, if ever, Child of the South, she had acquired a taste for it. In vain the melancholy woods upon the hillsides that surrounded the celebrated country residence of King Arthur swayed their all-but-barren boughs with the tumult of subsiding seas; in vain the river, famous for wild flowers, discreet picnic parties, and discreeter suicides, whispered its vesperal enchantments; in vain the autumnal sun, descending with more than customary elaboration, gilded the towers of Camelot and smouldered upon this or that distant manse's feverish casement, behind which a Margaret or Mariana leaned that moment pining; most vainly of all, upon the

roof's ledge above Andromeda's bower the sidling cushats stretched their gorges to moan of the gentleness of love. Andromeda languished; she was bored to tears; she had an autumnal cold in the head, and had long since become weary alike of combing her hair and of striving to arrange in a more modish style the sackcloth Sir Perseus had given her. A mist of rain had settled along the opposite ridge. The sun blinked weakly from a cocoon of purple vapour. Strung out from wood to wood, rooks cawed their flagging way toward a black and melancholy abbey beside the brimming waters. . . .

Andromeda recalled the Ethiopia of her youth, when her father reigned in the corridors of Meroë over tribesmen, who acquired beauty by bathing in such violet-scented springs as perfumed the water-gardens about their villas, and bravery by loosing against the lions of tropical highlands broad-bladed arrows from bows none but they could bend. A noble, muscular, and independent race, reputed the most just upon earth, and for that reason fearful of none, trusting toward the gods and at no time victim of inexplicable regrets or fanciful apprehensions!

"How sad, how beautifully sad it is!" said Una, kneeling in the alcove to rub her cheek against the forehead of the lamb. "One could weep!"

"Why?" said Andromeda, ". . . there's nothing to weep at as far as I can see."

"One does," said Una simply, counting the rooks as they alighted.

As the heat increased the lovely little fair-haired princess, with her majestic mother, had been chaired in litters of ebony and ivory between paddy-fields up past the rolling table-lands, where immense flocks pastured, to the summer palace amid the fells. How different the journey from the sea she had lately accomplished!

It was all so incomprehensible, this North. And not only incomprehensible, but irritating, boring, illogical, outrageously wanting in the decencies of common sense. At times it was even frightening! Toward dusk the cavalcade of Sir Perseus had emerged upon a wide and withered heath. On a solitary mount in the heart of the heath stood a blasted oak-tree, from the crooked fingers of which depended the mummy of something that had once been

human. Andromeda, stooping to pick from among the many bald stones littered about its roots one that moved, and that she took for a tortoise, shrank back on finding her fingers encounter the pate of a skull which an army of ants was bearing away. Dusk deepened. A shadowy hand seemed to brush along the horizon to extinguish the sole new-kindled star, and from those darkened depths remotely and more remotely sounded the echo of a boding horn. The figure hanging from the bough stirred upon gusts she could not feel, and away in the hollow of the bitter northern night appeared a ghostly curtain, composed of a multitude of silvery lances thickly growing like reeds, which shook its immense folds together with an all but imperceptible crepitation like the stealthy settling of snow upon the rigid faces of barbarian dead.

" How hideous it all is," murmured Andromeda; " how perverse, hopeless, harsh, dreary, and dark! Dionysos himself, god of ominous groves and of frightful secret sacrifice, would not choose such climes to dwell in."

Nor did the strain of her feelings abate as day by day the journey was continued.

The woods brooding upon the shaggy hills appeared to watch her. In the skeins of sleet gliding beyond the brown horizon she beheld such fragments of rainbows as did but render the world more forlorn. The wind, bowing the rushes of the fen, shuddering in the upland whin or blackening the glittering shallows of a ford, shot a chillness through her. Overhead the kestrel whistled, and she flinched from the handful of victim feathers as they descended about her upturned face. She ceased to be longer herself and became but an exile preoccupied, errant, lonely amid the inheritance of Nature, that appeared to have been ever strange to her, so that when, at halt by a well, she heard the voice of a woman, but certainly of no nymph, bewailing itself from the depths, she all but shrieked.

Sir Perseus, however, in no wise marked her perturbation. He was far too busy. Before each of many shrines he drew rein to do worship, and often at no shrine at all. Early one morning he brought the cavalcade to a standstill before a spinney of white willow. Sir Perseus dismounted. " Surely," said he, " this grove is full of angels; see how flash their wings, mark how sound their foot-

steps! " And thereupon, to Andromeda's extreme surprise and perturbation, he kneeled and wept loudly, and prayed with folded hands and lifted brow.

When he rose he said: " I have had a most fair vision." He glanced at Una. She returned him a gaze full of the rapture of perfect comprehension. . . .

" See," said Una, coming to the window, " yonder goes Sir Galahad."

" I am not interested in Sir Galahad."

" But he is so pure."

" That does not interest me."

" How strange! Methought every woman must be interested in a virtue of that kind."

Sir Galahad—the youth who always dressed in white, wore bracelets, and sat next to King Arthur—why, he was the dullest and most sanctimonious of them all! Once, during the month she had been here, she had encountered him stooping under the ivy that half-filled a doorway. His white face with large rings about the eyes had seemed sad to her, and she had smiled at him—instantly to regret it, for he had coloured resentfully and turned away his eyes. Yes, Sir Galahad was worse than Sir Perseus, and Sir Perseus was bad enough, who had done nothing for her except to display her among his trophies.

" Is this all he will do? " she had inquired of one of the ladies-in-waiting.

" Meseems he hath done quite enough already: hath he not delivered you from bondage to the Grand Turk? Hath he not brought you to the court of King Arthur? "

But the grizzle-haired queen had smiled at her. That was better than nothing. Andromeda would have preferred a change out of this odious sackcloth, but the smile was something. And the queen had stroked her hair, holding it up to the light of the tapers that glistened on the corbels at the back of her high chair. Later the queen had made her a supernumerary maid-in-waiting. . . .

How she hated the court! These knights, how fatiguing they were; the ladies with their barbarian faces, brick or grey complexions, and hair in pig-tails, how plain! What a plentiful lack of intelligence all displayed, and how infamously content they were with their chess, backgammon, embroidery, prayer, looking out on the troubled

landscape and reading of interminable flowery romances, wherein nearly everybody was virtuous, and, if not virtuous, at least dull! Andromeda wearied of the day's monotonous round. Nothing ever really happened, though now and again, to be sure, there would be a fractional, fugitive brightening of the atmosphere: the company would seat themselves in a circle, and a young lady called Isolt—overfond, by the way, of displaying the whiteness of her hands—would take a harp from the wall and stroke its strings. "*It is Autumn*," she sang. The others bowed the head, and at the song's end subduedly applauded. Then, with a faint and deprecatory smile, the young lady repeated the refrain, "*It is Autumn*," "*It is Autumn*": that seemed to explain everything. The company appeared quite satisfied.

After one of these entertainments Andromeda asked, "And what do you do in winter?"

"We fare cheerly as we do now, only it is colder."

"And the knights?"

"The noble knights do not hunt so often. They play chess, they tell their beads, they sing the story of their prowess, and we marvel at them."

"Is that all?"

"Damsel, this is King Arthur's court—the finest that is in Christendom."

"I am not sure that I like Christendom."

"Hush! I perceive that Sir Perseus has done well to leave you in the sackcloth of which you complain. Very evident it is that you have not entirely escaped contamination by the morals of the poor sinful heathen, among whom, through no fault of your own, you have been brought up. The saintly Sir Perseus has saved you from roasting in the hell to come. Soon you will learn that virtue is its own reward, and discover how great that reward can be. Oh, and I should add that in winter the knights sometimes make love to us."

"Ah!"

"Our love-making is famous. It is the most chaste in all the Christian world."

The chapel bell had ceased to toll. Una, unperceived, had left the turret-chamber—doubtless for the chantry.

(*To be continued.*)

Percy Bysshe Shelley

By Prometheus

"O! like a rose-wing'd pelican
She hath bred blessèd babes to Pan!"
—*The Wizard Way.*

In a story by Lord Dunsany Fame says to the poet, "I will meet you in the graveyard at the back of the Workhouse in a hundred years." If Shelley has been more fortunate—though it hardly matters to him!—it is not on account of his poetry, which passed as readable even among his contemporary detractors, but of his prophetic gift and the moral wizardry which gave its spirit a body, in face of those qualities which made serious people consider seriously that in him *Diabolus incarnatus est, et homo factus est.*

It seems at first sight astounding that Shelley was sent down from Oxford for theological views which are accepted to-day by the youngest average undergraduate with scarce a mumbled protest from the oldest average don; that he should have been robbed of his children on account of a moral attitude which modern children themselves find reactionary rather than advanced; and that he should have been practically exiled from England because of political notions which the most case-hardened Tory of to-day would hardly dare to whisper in the gloom of his club.

The truth is that the "Sun-treader" (as Browning calls him in *Pauline*) happened to be on the crest of a true dawn. The world, save for sporadic outbreaks of Bourbon *folie des grandeurs*, has rolled steadily towards that slight, shrill angel figure in the East. The poetry of Shelley hardly matters, in a sense, by comparison with his ethical ideals. He was the voice of the Zeitgeist; and it is relatively unimportant that it should have been, to English ears, so matchlessly musical.

Many of the best judges of poetry prefer Keats to Shelley; but the verdict implies purism. A poet is one

who " makes " or " does " things, and Keats was preoccupied with eternal " Truth-Beauty "—to coin a term like the " Space-Time " of Einstein—of a far less potent and intricate quality.

In Egyptian lore Tahuti, the god of language, is also the god of wisdom and of creative thought; the word " gramareye " (dear to Sir Walter Scott) is indeed, like the French word *grimoire*, etymologically equivalent to " grammar." Poets must not be ranked by their lyrical exaltation any more than by their technical ability: wisdom is justified of her children, and a poet of his!

The children of Keats are people like Rossetti, Walter Pater, Oscar Wilde, whose eyes were fixed sadly and languorously on the sunset of things.

But the spilth of Shelley's seed flooded foreign and innumerable fields: James Thomson, Swinburne, and other poets of revolution and passion are only a minor branch of his great family. The reformers, the humanitarians, the feminists, the transcendentalists, from Bradlaugh and Huxley to Nietzsche and Anna Kingsford, were all suckled on that pale gold wine of Dionysus which issued from his martyred veins. The young lady was within her rights when she asked " What are Keats? "; and if she was a wise child she knew her own father to be Shelley.

Keats remains perfect and imperishable like his own Greek Vase; he is the chief treasure of the Museum of Humanity; but Shelley is the High Priest of the Temple of Spiritual Progress, the Prophet of the most High God of Freedom, and the King of the Republic of " gentleness, wisdom, virtue, and endurance."

He is dynamic as Keats is static; and the nature of the Universe is Becoming rather than Being. The nineteenth century stripped the gilded rags of religion from the mummy of existence, and found a crumbling corpse, but the twentieth sees that dust dissolve into a glittering film of motion and light.

Modern physical and mathematical research are making it clearer every day that the structure of matter is indeed that subtle spiritual vibration which Shelley perceived it to be. By a parallel argument, man himself is no longer conceived as a fixed quantity established in a world six thousand years old, and subject to a single law. He is an

immutable Essence indeed, perhaps, in some ultimate spiritual sense, but his manifestation is mutable; his sensible form is a vehicle of Energy surging in infinite variety against the shores of experience. Shelley speaks of an immanent Spirit of the Universe, and is sufficiently a Pantheist to have identified himself, or any other existing thing, with that Spirit, had he been challenged directly on the point by, let us say, Mr. Eddington or Mr. Bertrand Russell. If Shelley is not always explicitly in line with the latest mathematico-mystical thinkers, it is because the world was so far behind his intuitive perception of truth that there was no intellectual instrument capable of registering his vibrations, except possibly the ambiguous jargon of the school of Fludd. But he everywhere implies, more by the sheer form and tone of his verses than by their rational meaning, that existence is an unconditioned Unity (or Nihil), which has invented infinite modes of phantasmal and illusory duality for the purpose of becoming conscious of itself. It is not necessary for an animal to use our arbitrary language to express its feelings intelligibly; and, in point of fact, poets who have made the attempt to explain their spiritual consciousness in terms of philosophy have obscured their light rather than made it manifest. Blake is a notable example of this circumstance. We learn more of the essence of his soul-structure from *Tiger, Tiger*, *The Crystal Cabinet*, or *The Mental Traveller* than we do from his professedly "prophetic" books. The English language, as understood by scholars and developed by them, is an instrument of doubtful value to the poet. The soul of man lurks rather in the lilt of a lyric than in the most imposing *lavallière* that glitters on the velvet of the shop-window of literary effort.

Now Shelley was saturated with the spirit of the planet in its subtlest and strongest distillation: and that spirit overflowed into song. He possessed the utter simplicity and self-confidence of an immortal; if our ears are attuned to his thought, we can catch the choral rapture as it swings with the stars through the centuries. But his conscious efforts to express his essential idea are relatively lame.

Identical phenomena occur in every connection; and this is the ultimate reason for the apparent failure of the poet to maintain his hold on our hearts as we reach an age

when our spirits are less sensitive to subtle and subconscious stress. Mr. Augustine Birrell remarks that Browning in later life lost his enthusiasm for this "strange and unaccountable being." We are not all, fortunately, so middle-class and middle-aged as either of these gentlemen; but, even so, it is hard to read Shelley with enjoyment after one has turned forty. The reason, however, is this: one either has or has not assimilated the Unconscious of the poet in one's youth; in the one case the verse seems a mere husk, while in the other it screams the doom of spiritual death. The damned detest him, therefore, and the redeemed can only find pleasure in remembering the raptures which wrought the white-hot steel of their youth into the shapes of royalty and righteousness.

It is in the nature of things that even the greatest intellectual attempts to grapple with any given problem appear ill-adjusted in after years; for the thought has been frozen into crystalline beauty, while the problem has changed with the succession of suns. It is always an error for an artist to abdicate his throne in eternity in order to enter the lists of temporal things: *ne sutor ultra crepidam*. Few people, even among philosophers, seem to understand that eternity differs in quality from time. It is commonly supposed to be a mere unlimited extension thereof. Yet the consideration that time is but one of the conditions of dualistic consciousness ought to make the true aspect of the matter immediately apparent. It is the prerogative of men like Shelley to think in terms of the absolute, which is out of all relation with the measurable, and not to be obtained therefrom by removing the landmarks, any more than one can make Beauty by effacing the marks on a steelyard, or prolonging the lever indefinitely. When, therefore, Shelley says

> "Next came Fraud, and he had on,
> Like Eldon, an ermined gown"

he risks his intelligibility only in a slightly less degree than Mr. Frankau in *One of Us*, or the ephemeral leader-writer of this Ile des Diurnales. Eldon is already for us merely a judge who happened to annoy Shelley. *One of Us* is a very valuable historical document, of its kind, but the more it is history the less it is literature. It has already become difficult to identify the mourners for *Adonais*, immortals

though they be. And Shelley was pre-eminently the " Sun-treader " :—he should have remembered Phaeton.

Much, however, of this defect of Shelley is inseparable from his supreme quality as a technician. He was the first to realise the rhythmical power of the intonation of the English language, to see in it an armoury of striking and stabbing weapons. Shakespeare, with all his vigorous rhetoric, never understood the possibilities of pure form to play upon the passions; he trusted to the rational meaning of the words themselves. Milton made but a slight advance in this respect. Samuel Butler forged a hammer of the rhythm of *Hudibras*; but the stroke does not vary. Some of Shelley's contemporaries made the way plain for him by introducing freedom of metre; but none of them, not even Byron, was able to consummate the marriage of poetry and music. The result of the alliance was to unite the intellectual and emotional power of words with the direct spiritual action on the nerves which even the West African drum or the Papuan bull-roarer can exercise.

It is not too much to say, therefore, that Shelley was to the Revolutionary Epoch what Shakespeare was to the Renaissance. He created, in fact, a new heavens and a new earth of language. The perfection of Keats, the sublimity of Blake, the simplicity of Wordsworth, the mystery of Coleridge, the independence of Byron: these are feathers in the scale against the sword of Shelley. For language is the word which " was with God," and " was God " ; it is the most intimate sheath of the soul, its first and simplest expression. The creation of a new language is therefore a stupendously significant event in the history of a planet, as important as the invention of the wheel, or the discovery of a fundamental principle in Nature. The influence of Shakespeare and the Bible is due not to their contents, or even their style, but to their having conferred upon the English people a new intellectual instrument. We are not yet at a sufficient distance from Shelley to estimate the real effect of his work. We are apt to be misled: we observe the triumph of many of his ideas, and associate that phenomenon with his success. The truth lies much deeper. Such questions as atheism are really of transitory importance: the tides of human opinion sway with the moon of popular favour, and (to a less degree) with the sun of

the enlightenment of the ruling classes. But the advance in the development of the larynx marks off definitely man from monkey, and the perfecting of the weapon of speech by Shelley made the essential difference between the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries in England. The issue is masked for the moment by the Press. The English language is fallen into disrepute and impotence. But the wood pulp period of brain and paper will soon pass. Unless England is destroyed altogether by the vermin that are gnawing at her entrails, unless the speech of the greatest minds on earth since the Fall of Rome is rotted through by the cancer of senseless slang, venal vulgarity, alien abominations, the weapon of Shelley will wing its way through the centuries, and enable mind to inform mind by virtue of subtle cadences, harmonies, and hammer-strokes.

That is, above all, the problem of the day, now that the " hard facts " of materialism are thawing into a gossamer dew. It is becoming impossible to write sober science in prose: the subtleties of Nature demand rhythm to respond to, and to record, their own. By Wisdom, that is, by the Word, He created the worlds; and the Wonder-World of to-day has been created by the Word of the Winged Serpent, whom the men of his own day took to be Satan, him whose centenary we celebrate under his pseudonym of Percy Bysshe Shelley.

Constantin Guys

By Arthur Symons

I

THE history of the Grands Boulevards in Paris has never yet been written. They live in the pages of Balzac, of Flaubert, of Cladel, of Mendès; they live in the creations of Gavarni and Daumier and Constantin Guys. It is in writing of Guys that Baudelaire says: "Some people have justly compared the works of Gavarni and of Daumier with *La Comédie Humaine*, as being commentaries on his novels. Balzac himself, I am convinced, would not have hesitated in adopting this idea, which is just in the sense that the genius of the artist painter of morals is that of a mixed genius, that is to say that there enters into it a good deal of the literary imagination." Always, the boulevards have an odd and an extraordinary fascination for those who love Paris most at the hour when dusk comes on, stealthy as the silent feet of night, more exciting than any hour in the day: the hour of *apéritifs* and the hours that follow them till long after midnight. "Sur la terrasse, entre la rangée de fiacres et le vitrage, une pelouse de femmes, une floraison de chignons échappés du crayon de Guys, attifées de toilettes invraisemblables, se prélessaient sur les chaises; les unes conservaient sur leurs genoux un gros bouquet, les autres un petit chien, les autres rien." There, certainly, in the little ironical masterpieces, *Les Demoiselles de Bienfilâtre*, is Villiers' exasperated vision of the Boulevard des Italiens in 1883.

The Guys Villiers refers to is Constantin Guys, who was born December 3rd, 1805, who died at the age of eighty-seven, and who was one of the most original and paradoxical artists of our time. *Le Peintre de la Vie Moderne* (1863), of Baudelaire, written on him, is tremendously amusing, cynical, elemental, subtle; and there is much in it of the writer's personality, together with that taste and spirit of

modernity which existed in Guys and in Baudelaire. Both adored the old, odd, squalid and sordid and brilliant streets that went for so much in one's days and nights in Paris. Night comes and Guys wanders from the Latin Quarter to the boulevard; it is the bizarre and dubious hour when the sky's curtains are closed and the street lamps are lighted. He follows the light, as one follows one's own shadow, where the city's life swarms at its intensest heat; where the passions in men's and in women's eyes and in their mouths that speak are drawn into him by a kind of magnetism; where the most exquisite creature is seen driven in her carriage in the middle of the street, who turns her eyes, in a languid indifference, on a woman who has come from the lowest depths and who scowls at her.

What Guys seeks with most passion is modernity; for on the boulevard one sees every form of modernity: in what is transitory, fugitive; eternally in movement and eternally immobile. He seizes the dramatic moments, and, as he draws them, exaggerates them. His imagination is so vivid that he can create furiously original drawings as he studies the dim lights behind the stages of music-halls and the glaring lights along the Boulevard St. Martin.

Constantin Guys is the historian of the women of his generation; he is its absolutely accurate historian. Still, there remains much that is hermetically sealed and secret in the adventurous, the wandering, the always insatiably curious existence of Guys; yet what we know of him, among a hundred different things, is his passionate love of all the forms of life that passed before his at times abnormal vision.

This observer of all the morals is never in default; for just as he expresses the allurement of certain women, so he represents, with an exact science, all that visible Prostitution which is for the most part made for men's cynical amusement. He shows us also the costume, or rather the body draped, in its actual form, with all the intensity of the life that penetrates the skin: or rather, he makes one see all at once face, body, and costume—he makes one see a living being.

Observe this woman as she enters a room with a rhythmical movement, wearing her rings and laces and her silk dress; and another who seeks to find across the crowd of a reception some man she expects; Guys designs her,

always with his process of rich washings, of deep blacks, of luminous whites, of silver greys; sometimes with a brief and intense indication of colours.

He renders in a marvellous fashion the subtle movements of the professional women as they leave their houses —their evil houses or the houses where they are supposed to live alone—and for no other reason than their inevitable fascination. He wanders with them in the Folies-Bergère, where they push themselves against one in this continual flux and reflux—simply as animals do with animals; for in these Parisian music-halls there is an immense provocation of the flesh—as much so the last time I was in Paris as it always used to be; together with the heat and these creatures' sidelong glances—so traditional their trade is in the effect of their nerves on the retina of the eyes. I have only to read Baudelaire and Huysmans and the Goncourts, and then to imagine how varied were their sensations, their attitude to women, their sense of their attractions and of their repulsion. It is terrible to think how many men of genius have dealt largely with the question of the repulsiveness of women: not only Petronius, but the saints of all the centuries and the Moralists and the Immoralists.

These designs of women are dated by the fashion. The rapidity and the breadth of his composition show how precisely he marks the costume of these wanderers of the Second Empire who were designed by the names of *biches* and *cocottes*. They wore large skirts, crinolines, high-heeled shoes, tightly-drawn white stockings, a toque on their heads, their heavy tresses falling on both sides of the ears, the chignon in a hair-net.

Guys takes us with him everywhere: in the streets, in the cafés, in the theatres, in the dressing-rooms, in the balls, in the brothels, in the Moulin-Rouge, in the Folies-Bergère: these designs are stupefying! See, for instance, in the garden of Mabille how he seizes these women's avid eyes, exasperating the men's cynical desires: both sexes equally wary and observant, and—what can I call it?—simply a vision I saw in the Cavour:

> "Wine, the red coals, the flaring gas,
> Bring out a brighter tone in cheeks
> That learn at home before the glass
> The flush that eloquently speaks.

The blue-grey smoke of cigarettes
Curls from the lessening ends that glow;
The men are thinking of the bets,
The women of the debts they owe.

Then their eyes meet, and in their eyes
The accustomed smile comes up to call,
A look half miserably wise,
Half heedlessly ironical."

Here are two women: this one, for instance, doesn't talk, she waits near two men who are talking, and another is occupied in the conquest of two men, and this isolated woman, frightfully living, hardly indicated, with her macabre profile, her lamentable air, images the unconsciousness of passivity.

Now he shows us a box in a theatre, with rather fabricated people in it: it is what one sees of the stage that counts. A café-concert singer in evening dress holds herself in front of the *corbeille* of the other women seated in circle, her arms gesticulating, her mouth wide open. The dancing girls are grouped like the flowers in a bouquet in the petals of their skirts; Thérèse, dressed in black, *décolletée* in a long slit, a black collar round her neck, shows the historical portrait of a great artist before her audience.

I have before me a Lautrec as marvellous as the Guys, which shows the huge and odious, too opulent, too abominably fleshly woman singer, who has an enormous mass of black hair, coiffed high on the top of the head, that falls heavily beside her cheek and behind her nearly to the waist; she shows quite enough of her naked skin, her arms extended high up in a preposterous gesture; and this horrible creature sings some obscene song, and she is the famous Judic.

Suddenly we see the professional dancing-girls, who rejoice in their rhythmical steps, in the sound of the music to which they dance; one dressed in blue, red rouge on her cheeks, a rose in the lace of her bodice, who holds her heavy skirt and shows her stockings and shoes. This one whose little head is hooded, who makes the same movement, lets you see her white skirts, her tiny feet in tinier shoes: one sees her tremble the moment before she joins the crowd.

All that is feverish and delirious in these balls is felt

intensely by Guys. He has noted the fury of the chahut, these two women back to back who lift their legs and show the double reflection of their varnished shoes and of as much of the leg as one wants to see, before they do the double split. And these, with aspects and attractions even more devilish, half naked, turn—as they always do—with one leg held in one hand; one, a malicious and vicious slut, throws her skirt over her shoulders: and always the avid group of men who admire.

II

What is dominant in this incomparable Painter of Prostitution—beyond all discussion of execution—is expression; and it is infinitely profound and vehement, sanguinary as the after-sunset I see in the sky to-night, tenebrous in its purple magnificence: a Goya after-sunset. Guys, always on the watch to seize furiously these living apparitions, gives one, for instance, a woman magnificently dressed; she is the popular type, the breasts rigid; her long eyes, lengthened by artifice, avow their duplicity. The artist's execution aids in creating this expression, not only by the daintiness of the outlines, but by the sensuous mouth, the curved nose, the laughing eyes, and by the vibration that one divines in the figure under the farthingale, made by tintings rapidly washed in by the brush, of traits the pen spits.

Suddenly we are in Spain; and I see before me one of the most extraordinary Oriental designs Guys ever made; for the whole composition is one ferocious festival whirled onward by the winds of all the desires, crowned by half-naked gitanas who wave their fans as their mantillas shake, showing their nervous legs and the coloured skirts that veritably live an excited life of their own; as do the two lovely Spanish women who sit backward in the carriage; all with their wicked eyes, their black hair held in by combs; all with their passion and piquancy; as in the fair creature who rides behind a Matador on horseback, her dress slipping off her white shoulders. The composition is delirious; all this cavalcade traverses the page like a whirlwind, and one veritably believes that it will disappear before one's eyes, leaving this page blank.

CONSTANTIN GUYS

We touch the bottom of the Parisian sewer in the scenes of Prostitution seen by Guys. He groups in the corner of a street three women, two young and one old, the young ones wear hats, dressed in shawls that show their small waists; farther on two more silhouettes, the vision of a narrow lane, the obscurity troubled by the fire of some gas-lamps. He enters the evil houses; he sees women seated on divans, skirts lifted to their knees, the chemise wide open so as to show their naked breasts. Six women seated in a room direct their eyes in the direction of the door; they are breathless, they lift their skirts, indicating by their varied attitudes that someone is entering. He enters, the gentleman without whom these cannot exist, who supposes himself their equal: certainly not on the supposition that he is the male prostitute as these are female prostitutes; one has to call such things by their proper names. The literal fact is that, the instant after he has entered their room, he is their equal; and, as Gavarni certainly believed: " He desires her, he creates her."

This does not prevent him from assuming an air of ridiculous superiority: the man who professes his contempt for the women he has come to enjoy.

The observation of Guys is spontaneous and vivid and vital; he can represent scenes that are morbid and morose and mad and real and fantastic. He fixes on his loose sheets of paper an extraordinary twilight, where the gas-lamps shine as they reflect in those rooms of the evil houses the hectic skin of faces, of shoulders, of breasts, of arms, of legs. In the mystery of these closed chambers, with low ceilings, with floors and walls arranged so as to conceal all noise, with heavy hangings, where the silhouettes are shadowy and rapid, one is plunged into a hideously heated nightmare out of which surge strange sensations, animal faces, men dressed in black, women dressed in sombre costumes, who seem to be sorceresses, demons, beasts of the night such as one sees in the paintings of those who have set the Sabbat into frenzied paroxysms and erotic ecstasies, where Saint Antony is tempted in the seventh and most lubricious circle of hell.

The Jewish Problem Re-stated

By a Gentile

A DISTINGUISHED article entitled "The Cry of the Modern Pharisee," by the Rev. Joel Blau, of Temple Peni-El, New York City, which recently appeared in *The Atlantic Monthly*, posed the Jewish problem in new dimensions. In America, where this problem is growing acute, wide interest was aroused. I quote a few passages which are characteristic.

"It is depressing to see the Jewish problem discussed, even by Jews, from without and not from within, as if its inner aspect did not matter; at all events, as if this were something in which the world at large need take no interest, it being the concern of a few Jewish zealots only. Over against this mistaken position these very Jewish zealots, who are far from obsolete, claim that the only way to solve the Jewish problem is from within. Find the right solution for the internal problem of the Jew, and the external problem, created by the persistence of anti-Semitism, will solve itself."

". . . he [the Pharisee] would rather lose the whole world than lose aught of the riches of his soul.

". . . As for pride, he admits it, yet holds himself guiltless. For pride is no sin, except when one will not live up to it.

"It [pride] is compounded of a clear knowledge of one's place, a consciousness of both powers and limitations, and a desire to participate wholeheartedly in the passionate business of living. This pride is the child of reverence, the last summing-up of the sanctities of Individuality.

"Its presence is the distinguishing sign of divinely stubborn men, 'terribly meek,' who inherit the earth—and heaven, too.

"Of peoples too, even as of persons, the same holds true; modesty is a sin in any people. The chief duty that a people owes both itself and the world is reverence for its own soul, the mystic centre of its being. . . .

"Personality spells the mystery of mysteries—the last word of life for which all the worlds and all the ages are in ceaseless travail."

"The Jew must be led back to the Discovery of the Jewish Soul."

Despite these utterances, we find elsewhere in the essay that the only practical solution in view is repatriation. A physical Zion is contemplated, and this proposal implies the very materialism which the learned Rabbi deplores as the mark of the modern Sadducee. Now the division between Jew and Gentile dates only from Abraham. The children of uncircumcision no less than those of the Covenant are of the seed of Adam, of mankind. It was-

by means of the secret tradition of the Hebrews that the leader of the hosts of the new Law obtained "the knowledge and conversation of his Holy Guardian Angel," whose words constitute the whole Law. This Law is the master-key to the Future of Mankind, and the learned Rabbi, being a master in Israel, is able to interpret the Zeitgeist intuitively. Accordingly, he exhibits a profound comprehension of this Law; indeed, he actually expresses some of its corollaries in various phrases. What then is the one weakness of his admirable essay? What is it that compels him to a sceptical conclusion, despite the sublimity of courage, pride, and sadness which informs his thought, and the magistral grasp of the situation? These qualities demand consummate respect; and yet their owner hesitates to articulate an "Everlasting Yea." The difficulty arises from the interference of the learned Rabbi's intellectual perception of the conditions of his environment with the truth of his soul. He must hold fast to this truth if it is to make him free. The Relative must not be applied as a measure of the Absolute, of which it is but one of the infinitely numerous symbolic representations. It is, then, here that the Rev. Joel Blau is tempted to lose touch with the essential truth. He has still to pass through the ordeal of being attacked by phenomena which threaten or allure, seeking to turn him from his spiritual integrity. It is the task of the initiate to learn to ignore these seeming facts, to recognise that these are vapours of the void. Let me say at once that the Jewish spirit cannot be destroyed any more than a grain of sand or an ohm of electrical resistance. The problem is perennial. If every Jew were instantaneously abolished, the Jewish problem * would remain unaltered.

* The historical aspect of this doctrine may be elucidated briefly as follows:—In the dawn of history we have the Pagan period, when the central object of worship is Isis (or similar idea) the Mother. Matriarchy abounds; the function of Man in reproduction is not understood. Then comes a period in which the Father is the main object of worship. We have Solar-Phallic religions, in which the Sun, and Man, must die to live again. Science has now shown that the Sun, and is showing that Man, does not "die"; darkness is due to our being in the shadow of the earth; death to our being veiled from our Reality by our gross bodies. The New Law proclaims the Crowned and Conquering Child as the central idea which represents That Which Is.

This subject is discussed at great length in *The Equinox*, Vol. I., Nos. I.–X., and Vol. III., No. I., in *The Book of Lies*, in *The Star in the West*, by Capt. (now Col.) J. F. C. Fuller, and elsewhere.

The Rev. Joel Blau has himself demonstrated, with admirable clearness, that the "extraversion" of modern Sadducees has merely defiled their honour, and that reliance upon outworn formalism has failed to protect the integrity of the Pharisees.

When Moses gave His new Law, His was the Word which expressed the spiritual truth fit for that age and that folk. Other Masters have appeared from time to time with other words. Thus the Buddha, proclaiming the absence of Atman, emancipated the East from its time-rotted conditions. Mohammed, with His Word Allah, proclaimed a new æon in which the diversity of phenomena should be referred to a single ultimate source.

The solution of the Jewish Question has baffled society completely since the earliest records. It is quite evident that before the Exodus Pharaoh was confronted by precisely the same dilemma as the Tsar of yesterday in Russia and the President of to-day in America. It is the problem of an endothermic chemical compound. The instability of chloride of nitrogen does not lead us to "blame" either the nitrogen or the chlorine; the elements tend to fly apart with destructive violence because neither of them is satisfying its own true nature to the full. Each has joined the other without enthusiasm because it could find no more suitable element union with which would fulfil to the uttermost its need of a complement. Nitrogen chloride is not formed if the chlorine passes over moist sodium before reaching the ammonia, or if that ammonia has been mixed with nitric acid.

Jew and Gentile have been forced into contact under innumerable varieties of social condition. Friction has been at a minimum when the Jew has been in contact either with Arabic civilisation or English jurisprudence. These two environments have a common factor: non-interference. English indifference and Moslem self-respect are agreed on the ethical principle: "Mind your own business." This is one of the moral postulates of true Law.

The incompatibility between Jew and Gentile has been based, superficially indeed, upon prejudice, ignorance, and instinctive antipathy; but this seems hardly more than a disguise for the real motive, which may more probably be

the fear of alien aggression. The Jews are charged with many crimes, from ritual murder and usury to lack of patriotism. But all these charges are merely diverse expressions of the feeling that there is an irreconcilable antagonism between two spirits whose juxtaposition is an offence to nature.

Is it presumptuous to feel sure that so far one may count upon the assent of the learned Rabbi to this analysis? No? Then why not be bold enough to proceed to synthesis? Let us pursue the chemical analogy. In a mixture of sodium chloride and sodium nitrate the atoms of nitrogen and chlorine are intimately mingled; but there is no tendency to explosion. The reason is that both elements have already—in the main matter—fulfilled their own natures. Neither is unsatisfied; neither is under stress.

Is there no hint here to guide us to a practical proposal? It is useless to tinker with the environment of chloride of nitrogen; the more we meddle with the explosive, the more likely we are to provoke a crisis. We must prevent the formation of the substance altogether; and so long as either element is unsatisfied, so long is there a risk of conditions occurring in which they will combine disastrously with each other. Just as most human beings contract unsuitable marriages, or experiment with unconsecrated unions, rather than suffer the physiological agony of abstention; just as the only secure social system rests on a basis of sexually satisfied individuals; so countries inhabited by heterogeneous races invite civil collision if the inherited instincts of any race are starved or suppressed.

Now it is the historical fact that from the time of Abraham's discontented departure from his father's pastures, and the dream-drawn journey of Joseph, to the desperate adventure of Moses in search of a "promised land," and the continual craving for a Messiah, the Spirit of the Jew, behind all its expressions, is stamped with the stigma of soul-starvation. The patriotic passion of the Chroniclers, the plaintive cries of the Psalmists, the relentless rage of the Prophets, the acrid agony of Ecclesiastes, each in its own way expresses the fact that the Jew has always wanted Something desperately, has never known

precisely what it was, has never fooled himself for very long into fancying that he has found it. When national degradation and religious mummification had reduced the ragged remnant of repatriated refugees to despair, Paul proclaimed his Freudian Phantasm as the Messiah. But in vain did he try to conciliate his people, in vain did he prove that Christ fulfilled the prophecies, in vain did he seek to reconcile circumcision and crucifixion. Israel preferred to die in the dark rather than stumble by the light of corpse-candles into the ditch of self-deception.

The same spirit stamps the Jew to this day. He has endured every possible persecution; without faith, hope, or love to help him. He has not found himself in wealth, power, or anything else. Neither Spinoza in philosophy, Heine in poetry, nor Einstein in science have found any way of escape from the fiend appointed to scourge Israel. From the most sublime complaints of the musician to the grossest grumblings of the Schnorrer, the same phrase recurs: it is the cry from the Abyss, the shriek of the lost soul. The glories of Solomon did not prevent him from seeing the vanity of all things; nor would repatriation in Palestine delude one single Jew into supposing that his soul could be satisfied by so romantically narcotic a remedy.

The solution of the Jewish problem is simply this: "Shiloh shall come." The Messiah must arise, and His name shall be called Anti-Christ. And this shall be the sign of the Messiah, Anti-Christ, He who shall lead at last His people Israel into the Holy Mountain, the True Zion: He shall come to understand the Magical Formula of Israel; He shall interpret the history of Israel; He shall declare unto Israel the nature of the spirit of the people; He shall express the true purpose of His people; He shall demonstrate to them the direction of their destiny; He shall formulate their function in the physiology of mankind.

It may indeed be that this function is such that even its free fulfilment would not satisfy it. He, the Messiah, Anti-Christ, shall know, as others do not, whether it be so. In our own bodies there are principles which never cease to urge us. The secret of the Soul of Israel may be that it is a ferment; the history of humanity shows us this spirit constantly consuming every civilisation with which it has been in contact. Israel has corrupted the world, whether by

conquest, by conversion, or by conspiracy. The Jew has eaten his way into everything. The caricature of Semitic thought, Christianity, rotted Roman virtue through introducing the moral subterfuge of vicarious atonement. The Eagles of Cæsar degenerated to the draggled buzzards of Constantine. Soon they were no more than hens, dispersed and devoured by the fierce hawks of Mohammed and the savage ravens of the North. Jewish commercial cleverness has created cosmopolitanism. Jewish sympathy with suffering has made the cliffs of caste to crumble. Jewish ethical exclusiveness has created a tyranny of conventional formalities to replace the righteousness of self-respect. The Jew, living so long on sufferance, by subterfuge, servility, and self-effacement, has taught his tricks to the whole world. Civilisation is an organised system of craft, concealment, cunning, camouflage, of cringing cowardice and craven callousness. The world is one great Ghetto. The Jew has failed to realise himself; and, as the learned Rabbi so brilliantly breaks out at the end of the third paragraph of his article, it is in infamy that Gentile and Jew are reconciled at last. Gentile and Jew bend on the same bench of the galley; the same whip drips with blood from the bare backs of the two brothers in bondage. We share the same suffering and shame; we eat the same bitter bread of exile.

Neither of us has known who he is, dared to be himself, or willed to do his Will. Neither has kept the Silence which alone preserved his soul from profanation. It was far better when ignorance and prejudice prevailed; we had at least faith in our own fetiches. It is better to have something that one is willing to die for, though it be but a lie; to have something to live for, though it be but a dream. To-day, Jew and Gentile alike are pursuing despicable objects by dishonourable devices; and, having attained them, there is disillusion, disgust, and despair. We have swept away the superstitions which sustained our self-respect. We have discovered that the sun is only one star of many; and, perceiving our infinitesimal importance, we have lost our own respective stars—our self-esteem.

We have still to complete analysis by synthesis. Instead of interpreting Democracy as confusion in a common degradation, we must understand that, although each individual is equally an element of existence with every

other, each is sublimely itself. Mankind is a republic of aristocrats; our equality is that of the essential organs of the body. The honour of each is to secure the harmony of all. It is the most fatal error of modern thought to interpret the dependence of each of us upon the rest as confounding us all in a common vileness.

One may appeal to the learned Rabbi then, out of his own mouth, to accept the Law of Thelema * as the foundation of the future of Israel. One may ask him to agree that the salvation of Israel depends upon understanding the spirit of that people in the light of history, ethnology, and psychology. Having understood its function, and formulated its will in a fixed phrase, it is only necessary to keep its unswerving course, each Jew as his own soul shows him for himself, and for the race, as the soul of the race is shown him, by the spirit of Anti-Christ, the Messiah, who shall arise in Israel for this purpose.

One word in reconciliation of an apparent antinomy. One must not think of Anti-Christ as opposed to Christ, any more than one thinks of the pleura as opposed to the

* This Law may be summarised: Do what thou wilt shall be the whole of the Law.

The theory underlying this injunction is that "Every man and every woman is a star." Each star is equally inviolable, eternal, individual. It has its own proper course through space. This physical fact has its moral parallel in, "There is no law beyond do what thou wilt"; that is to say, every individual has his own necessary and proper direction, which is called his "true Will."

Similarly, just as there are certain groups of stars, there are groups of human beings which, while preserving the individual integrity of each unit, have a certain common direction.

It is thus legitimate to calculate the destiny of a race, as the astronomer calculates the course of a galaxy.

It is the first business of every individual to discover what his true Will is, and then to occupy himself to doing that and nothing else. But he must also reckon with the drift of his race and of humanity as a whole.

As soon as this Law is properly understood, its truth becomes self-evident. To fail to do one's true will is to stultify oneself, to create a conflict in oneself, to become morally insane.

The school of Freud and Jung has rediscovered a part of this thesis by showing that self-suppression leads to neurosis. The task of every man is to express himself fully, but he must take into consideration his relationship with the community, since it is a part of his true Will to be a member thereof; and any act of his which conflicts with the true Will of the community, conflicts to that extent with his own true Will.

This Law of Thelema is therefore the complete solution of all ethical problems. What is required is a technical apparatus for calculating its practical application in any particular case.

Many persons are already at work to perfect this psychological instrument.

lungs which it bounds. Woman is not the opposite of man —the difference between them is necessary to their co-operation. Without it, neither could reproduce their common elements in either component. Every star is necessarily different from every other star. The annihilation of one would disturb the equilibrium of all, and destroy the universe. The Jewish spirit is an essential element of humanity. The pitiable tragedies of the past have been the result of failing to understand, to insist upon, to execute, the eternal office of each existing individual idea. The arising of Anti-Christ will make possible the coming of Christ. If Christ came, he was baulked, as He himself is supposed to have said, because no one was ready to receive Him.

As the first paragraph of " The Cry of the Modern Pharisee " points out, non-resistance defies power. Mechanics presumes opposition. Structuralisation depends upon the co-operation of diverse unities, each of which is stubbornly itself. Evolution is aristocratic. To aim at homogeneity is to revert to nullity. There is then no reason to fear that Anti-Christ, in establishing Israel, will injure Christianity. He will, on the contrary, assist the Christian spirit to cleanse itself from the confused acquiescence in anarchical amiability which it calls " charity," and is really cowardice, really the slave's shame of his own condition, the sense of guilt which he soothes by minimising all misdemeanours.

Let Anti-Christ arise, let Him announce to Israel its integrity. Let Him make clear the past, purged of all tribal jargon; let Him prove plainly how inevitably event came after event. Let Him gather the past to a point; let Him assign its proper position to the present by showing its relation with the axes of Space and Time. Let Him then calculate what forces are focussed at that point, so that its proper course may be thereby determined. Then let Him speak the Word of Israel's Will, so that all Israel with united energy, disciplined and directed, may move as one man irresistibly to fulfil its Destiny.

Such action will induce a complementary current in every other racial and religious section of humanity. The Chinaman who has given up politeness, filial reverence, and philosophy for European ideas; the Russian who has

bartered mystic melancholy for Marxism; the Mohammedan who has been taught to despise the faith, virtue, virility, and valour of his forebears, and to appreciate cocktails, cocottes, pork, and profanity; all these are hybrids, all these are self-mutilated cowards, garbage of self-surrender. They are monsters bred of the shame of being different to other people. The modern Italian has discarded the noble and beautiful toga for shoddy city clothes. The Mongol's sweeping silken robes are gone; dignified in them, he prefers to look ridiculous in the frock-coat and stove-pipe hat of a Bermondsey bank clerk. The Hindoo, once clean and comfortable in cotton cloths, sweats and stinks in starched shirts and shabby suits in the hope of looking like a Sahib. Mongrels and monsters, all these! Diverse as they are, they are born of one mother, Conventionality, by one father, Shame.

Let the Jew lead the way! Let the Jew find himself and be sure of himself; let him assert himself without fear of others, or reference to their ideals and standards. They will be forced to respect him. In self-defence, each one will find for himself the formula of his own function. From that moment the friction between the various parts of the human machine will begin to diminish.

"The earth is the Lord's and the fulness thereof." The social and economical crises of to-day are not due to over-population, to lack of supplies, or to inefficiency. They are due to the suppression of individuality. Instead of each person and each race doing its own will, the whole of humanity is being thrown into a melting-pot; the only ambition is to get to the top. The earth affords infinite scope for each soul, as the sky affords scope for each star. But instead of each soul seeking the satisfaction proper to itself, it is persuaded by the popular Press, by the pressure of public opinion, and by the contagious delusion of Democracy, that nothing is worth having save wealth in its grossest interpretation, "modern conveniences" in the crudest sense of the term, and social success in its silliest and shallowest shape. Pleasure itself is prescribed, like the diet of a diabetic. Respect is inseparable from envy, since the superiority of one is incompatible with the equivalent superiority of others. Formerly, Virgil and Horace could admire each other's qualities. To-day, they must be

measured by the balances at their banks. There are not enough automobiles and diamonds to go round, any more than there were in the time of Buddha or Villon. But the ascetic Prince and the starving scholar could each be unique and supreme without struggling for shekels.

The Jew has no claim to consideration on account of his success in money-getting. Every race in the world can produce rivals in that art. The True Spirit of Israel shines in the splendour of its literature, and in such moral qualities as that rigorous sense of Reality which made him the torch-bearer of Science through the Dark Ages, in the persistent patience which preserved his racial peculiarities through proscription and persecution, in the fidelity to tradition which kept him true to himself until he was assimilated in the American ant-heap, where no animal can live except the aimlessly active insects that swarm in its mould.

To recapitulate, Israel has not evolved a true consciousness of racial destiny through the ages, for " The word of Sin is Restriction," and the sin of Israel is this, that it has never known itself, or done its will.

Love is the law, love under will.

Reunion

By S. H. McGrady

THREE big, red motor charabancs, each with a load of cheering children, came to a standstill at the edge of the common. Shouting and laughing, heedless of the advice of their elders, the excited boys and girls began to jump to the ground. In an instant the charabancs were empty. Only one passenger—a thin, feeble, old man—remained.

Away in the East End of London, not far from the great railway sidings, surrounded by factories and warehouses, stands Paradise Court. Between the rows of insanitary hovels in which the inhabitants are herded together are stretched the bits of rope and wire which serve as clothes lines, and the ground is littered with paper and ashes and broken glass. Rough, unshaven men, lounging in small groups, are spitting and swearing. The women, standing at the doors, shout shrilly to their neighbours. A number of ragged urchins are playing at football with a tin can. For the moment, however, Paradise Court was forgotten, and happy, excited children from the slums scampered across the common in the direction of the woods. Scarcely one of them had set eyes on the real country before. And now there surged upon them the magic beauty of the spring—the freshness of the grass, the flowers, the sunshine, the songs of the birds. . . .

"There's a flower!"

"Hi!—come and look what I've got!"

"Let's roll in the grass!"

"Look at them black birds in the trees!"

In the charabanc the old man sat motionless, gazing with eager eyes at a mass of yellow gorse bushes.

"What about yer grand-dad?" a fat woman called out.

"I'm all right," answered the old man, waking with a start from his reverie. "Don't you wait for me."

He watched the fat woman and his grand-daughter as

they followed the others across the common. Then, very slowly, assisted by the driver of the charabanc, he managed to clamber down.

"I was born in the country, mate. And somehow I felt I should like to 'ave another look at the green fields—so they let me come. Yes; I was fourteen years old when I went to London, and I've lived there ever since. Funny thing that, seeing as 'ow I was born and bred in the country . . ."

Leaning on his stick, pausing every few yards to take breath and to look about him, the old man made his way across the common. The children and the three or four grown-ups who accompanied the party had disappeared among the trees.

He was glad to be alone. For sixty years he had lived among the smoke and dirt; for sixty years he had forgotten. But to-day the flood-gates of memory were opened, and he lived again the scenes and emotions of his boyhood. The trees bursting into bud, the sound of running water, every flower, every stirring in the bushes was a message from the past. At last he reached the woods. The dry, brown leaves of the beech-trees rustled beneath his feet. In those far-off days, he remembered, he used to kick them as he ran. The sound came back to him, and he scattered the leaves with his foot. A moment later he was watching a tiny mouse creeping in and out of the bushes. A little farther on there were tufts of yellow primroses and dainty, fragile anemones. A pert, inquisitive robin, its head on one side, sang a note or two. . . .

For a long time the old man sat there. The long years of unremitting toil, the never-ending struggle against starvation, the woman who had become the mother of his children—all these seemed as if they had never been. As he walked in the silence of the woods only the days of his boyhood were vivid and real. Then, indeed, he had lived, and to-day he was alive again. Everything between—those sixty years of striving and suffering—seemed trivial and meaningless.

And now he lived over again those happy, far-off days. Once more he saw his red-bearded father breaking stones by the wayside, or seated on the bank eating his lunch of crusty bread and boiled bacon. He saw his mother—a

patient, pale-faced woman—standing at the cottage door. He saw the merry companions with whom he used to roam the lanes and woods, poaching and bird's-nesting. There was Dick, whose face was covered with freckles, and a fat lad they used to call Jumbo—he forgot his name. And Tom—good old Tom—with his glowing cheeks and big, broad grin—Tom, the leader of the party, who was always up to some devilment or other. Tom—he could see him now, his eyes twinkling with mischief, holding his catapult in his hand. Tom—sixty years ago. . . . .

And then there was the solemn-faced schoolmaster, peering over his spectacles, and the village policeman, and the miller who chased them from his orchard, and the old woman who kept the sweet-shop. And the keeper, a dark, gloomy man in gaiters, with his gun under his arm—even Tom was afraid of the keeper. Often, shouting and cursing, he would chase them across the fields. Once, indeed, he had caught Tom and him taking pheasants' eggs, and had cut a hazel stick and given them a good thrashing. How the boys feared and hated him, as from their hiding-place they watched their enemy walking through the woods, shooting and setting traps, with the fawning spaniel at heel. . . .

Then his mother had died. He had been out with Tom catching tadpoles, and returned home at tea-time, and she was dead. And they buried her in the churchyard—how red the clay was. And the rain came down in torrents, and the little red streams trickled into the grave. His mother—he could see her now, standing at the door and smiling. . . .

Then his father had gone to London to work as a navvy. And that was the last of the country. . . .

And now he was back again. The woods were full of violets and primroses. And beside the ivy-covered wall a grass snake was gliding among the dead leaves, pausing sometimes to raise its head and dart out a tiny, black tongue. And there flew a thrush, with a bit of straw in its beak. How yellow the primroses were . . .

. . . . . .

Two hours later they came to look for him.

"Drat the old beggar," exclaimed the fat woman. "I'm all of a sweat—my clothes are all stuck to my skin."

" Look, if he hasn't been picking flowers," cried one of the girls.

The old man, seated on the grass, was caressing a bunch of primroses.

" They're yellow—yellow," he kept repeating.

" Course they are, silly," said the fat woman. " We ain't 'arf been looking for you. Come along! There's a cup of tea and a bit of something to eat."

" I don't want no tea," answered the old man slowly.

" Course you do, silly. 'Ere, Gladys, look after yer grand-dad."

" Go away—I don't want no tea—I want to stay here," cried the old man breathlessly. " There was three hares a-playing and a-racing—only you've gone and frightened them. Go away—perhaps they'll come back again. I want to watch 'em, to see their nostrils quiver. . . ."

" Come along, you old fool," said Alf, who was more or less in charge of the party.

" I'll come in a minute or two," pleaded the old man. " I want to be left alone—I want to see things. There's a thrush as sits in that tree over there, and I'm waiting to hear 'im sing again."

" Well, if 'e don't take the bloomin' biscuit," the fat woman kept repeating. " 'Ere, old 'un, give us your hand."

" I ain't a-going to come," whined the old man, drawing away. " I want to stay here. I don't want no tea, I tell you. Why can't you leave me alone? "

" Oh, 'e'll be all right," Alf interrupted. " 'E needn't come yet, if 'e don't want to, seeing as 'e's enjoying 'isself. There's plenty of time. And if 'e don't want any 'am and cheese, there's them as do, that's all."

Talking and laughing, they disappeared among the trees.

. . . . . .

Afterwards, when the children, their arms full of flowers, had been collected together and packed in the charabancs, they suddenly noticed that the old man was still missing.

" If the old bloke ain't more trouble than all the kids put together," muttered Alf.

" 'E ought never to have been let come, and that's the truth," commented the fat woman.

For five minutes they shouted the old man's name.

Then, hurrying across the common, calling and whistling, they followed the winding path through the woods. As they walked the dry twigs crackled under foot, and startled rabbits scampered into the undergrowth.

Soon they reached the spot where they had left the old man a few hours before, but now only the scattered primroses remained.

"The old devil!" cried Alf. "Hello! Hello! Come out of it!"

"Grand-dad!" called the children in chorus.

"Where are yer?" screamed the fat woman.

They hastened along the path, shouting at the top of their voices. Then all at once, reaching a clearing, they caught a glimpse of the old man among the bushes.

"There 'e is!"

"Hi!—grand-dad!"

"'Ere! we're waiting for yer!"

"Blow me—if 'e ain't running away."

For a moment the searchers paused. Without doubt, the old man was making desperate efforts to escape. It was pathetic to watch him staggering along, running in and out of the trees like a hunted animal. Every few yards he stopped to take breath, and to glance back at his pursuers. Then, heedless of their cries, he would totter forward again.

"Look at 'im!"

"Blime!—'e could hardly walk this mornin'."

"Silly old fool."

In a few moments they were within a dozen yards of the fugitive. Stretching out his arms, gasping heavily for breath, the old man made a last helpless effort. Then, suddenly, he turned and faced them.

"Run, Tom!" he panted. "Run, Tom!—the keeper's a-comin'!"

Then, like a log, he fell face downwards among the fir cones.

Afterwards, they noticed that the helpless fingers were clutching a bird's nest, in the mossy interior of which lay, still uninjured, two tiny, fragile eggs.

Through the pine-trees gleamed the blood-red glory of the sunset, and on a neighbouring branch a thrush poured out his song.

THEATRE-CRAFT
Editors: Hermon Ould and Horace Shipp

Editorial

FROM the viewpoint of that art of the theatre for which we stand, the event of outstanding significance in the contemporary theatre is the International Exhibition at South Kensington. We need make no apology to our readers for devoting our space to this, to the crowding out of some current productions. London playgoers have had opportunity for seeing some interesting French works and for comparative study in Scandinavian drama: a revival of *Peer Gynt* at the "Old Vic" proved that the cultivated enthusiasm for the best work does not wilt under tropical weather conditions, nor succumb to "summer-time"; *Hedda Gabler* at the Everyman added to our indebtedness to that theatre in the matter of good plays, in spite of the difficulty of envisioning Mrs. Pat Campbell in the part; and the Stage Society was in its best traditions with the introduction of Knut Hamsun's *At the Gates of the Kingdom*, marked by fine acting and by the excellent producing of Theodore Komisarjevsky. The mention of the "Old Vic" and the Stage Society prompts one to congratulate both upon having successfully weathered their financial crisis, and to extend these congratulations to the Arts League of Service, which has also received a donation to ensure the continuance of its work.

The article in this issue from the pen of Halcott Glover is published simultaneously with his new play, *Hail, Cæsar!* The editors of THEATRE-CRAFT have always been proud of their association with the publication of Mr. Glover's work, and feel certain that his new *Comedy of Ireland* will add to his growing reputation as a playwright. The publication in these pages of his article, however, stands upon its interest as a dramatic writer's revelation of his own aims and technical methods. We hope from time to time to publish similar self-analyses.

The Exhibition Again

By Hermon Ould.

The International Theatre Exhibition has grown considerably since it made its first appearance in Amsterdam. The American and British sections have been greatly augmented; a small Italian section has been added; even the French can boast a few more designs to eke out a very thin show, while a number of eleventh-hour arrivals from Germany have been hospitably given screen-room, though they have escaped cataloguing. The additional works reveal no new tendencies, and all that was said of the Amsterdam Exhibition as a whole might be said with equal truth of the Exhibition at the Victoria and Albert Museum.

The British and American sections, however, are now offering a number of exhibits which demonstrate that the experimenting spirit which has been flourishing on the Continent is at last penetrating our island fastnesses. Mr. Lee Simonson, for instance, of the New York Theatre Guild, whose work was always safe rather than sporting, has made a tour through Europe and returned with his mind impregnated with expressionistic methods. The photographs of his settings for Shaw's *Back to Methuselah* show how successfully he has absorbed the new idiom and used it, not to imitate the ideas of the German expressionists, but to express his own. His use of arbitrary but significant shapes, and his employment of dramatic shadows, give his work a truly imaginative quality and elevate him above the category of conscientious realists to which he once belonged.

Less venturesome, but interesting as marking the orientation of theatre-ideas, are Mr. Norman Macdermott's two models for a production of *King Lear*. In this the action of the play is presumably to take place in a permanent built-up setting with a back-cloth, *appliquéd* with appropriate colours and shapes, changing from act to act as " Lear Dominant " descends to " Lear Crushed." The

working-out of the scheme at the Everyman Theatre in the autumn will be watched with interest.

There is no new work from the pioneer English decorators, Mr. Albert Rutherston, Mr. Norman Wilkinson, and Mr. Charles Ricketts being represented by examples of work produced some time ago—much of it before the war. Photographs of Mr. Paul Nash's two models (for *King Lear's Wife* and *Gruach*) have already appeared in THEATRE-CRAFT. They are displayed to excellent advantage at South Kensington, and, with Nash's other work, make it clear that a new temperament is now expressing itself in the theatre—a temperament a little lacking in ecstasy, perhaps, and too content with half-lights and tertiary colours, but lacking also in sentimentality and cheapness and not afraid of simplicity.

Alfred Wolmark, particularly in his costume designs, holds his own chiefly by virtue of his fidelity to pure clean colour. His models, perhaps because they are overcrowded with transfixed cardboard figures, convey a sense of confusion. Alec Penrose, who is working for the Marlowe Society at Cambridge, has some interesting designs, distinctly tarred with the expressionist's brush, for *Troilus and Cressida*, which is to be produced at the Everyman Theatre before this article appears. Paul Shelving, working in the late English tradition, offers a number of good costume designs, and, what is more interesting, two non-realistic models for *The Witch* (H. Wiers-Jenssen), in which the bizarre and the eerie combine to produce the desired effect. Among the newcomers' work there is little that calls for special attention. I looked in vain for a new personality. So many of these pleasant little models, with their bright colours and pseudo-Queen Anne architecture, seem to be the unacknowledged progeny of Claud Lovat Fraser.

As at Amsterdam, Adolphe Appia shares a room with Gordon Craig. Whatever new ideas may come into the art of the theatre, it is unlikely that the work of Appia will ever seem out of date. The design for *Parsifal* (the sacred forest), which we give in this number, has become so well known that we are almost constrained to apologise for including it. Appia's settings are a mould into which music so charged as Wagner's can be poured with perfect con-

fidence. While they are intrinsically beautiful, their beauty is of the accommodating kind which can be relied upon to sink into the subconsciousness of the auditor rather than claim his active interest.

Of the German work a good deal was said in a previous issue, and the new uncatalogued exhibits only offer further examples of those tendencies which are perhaps the most virile in the theatre of to-day. Among these, Emil Pirchan's designs for *The Legend of Joseph* will interest those who have followed the remarkable versatility of this artist. P. G. Gudurian's designs for Toller's *Die Wandlung* (one of which we give in this number) are among the most easily grasped and convincing of the expressionist school, and will be more to the taste of the conservative than the wilder efforts of Otto Reigbert.

The Italian and the French exhibits scarcely fill one room. E. Prampolini (whose costume design for *La Nuit Metallique* we reproduce) is evidently reaching out in directions infinitely removed from the commercial theatre, and one would like to know more of the theory which governs his work. Something more convincing than his designs is needed to prove the practicability of his so-called settings. The rest of the Italian work breaks no new ground; and a close scrutiny of the French exhibits reveals no strikingly original impulse—unless the design by Ladislas Medges, given on another page, can be described in those terms. To me it seems little more than rather humourless leg-pulling.

The Austrian section has been enriched by Professor Alfred Roller's fine settings for *Macbeth*, with which readers of THEATRE-CRAFT will be familiar, and for Beethoven's *Fidelio*; while the Russian section now contains a worthier selection from the designs of Theodore Komisarjevsky.

There are between 900 and 1,000 exhibits to be seen at South Kensington; the arrangement and the cataloguing are excellent; admission is free. Nobody with a genuine interest in the art of the theatre will need to be persuaded to visit the exhibition. The closing date is July 16th.

Old Clothes and New Needs

By Horace Shipp

THERE are moments when one wonders why the Actors' Association did not declare a general strike against the coming of the Theatre Exhibition into this country, instead of giving it every assistance; it tends so nearly to blacklegging by the inanimate. Where and how into this elaboration of stage setting does the actor come? Come he must, for we are happily still far from achieving a *décor vivant* which will in itself be sufficient to bear the whole weight of the dramatic intention, and the problem therefore is how to harmonise this difficult human factor with the more tractable environment. In a realm of pure art one touch of nature unmakes kinship. Thus it is that when certain of the designs at South Kensington move in directions which appear to defy the introduction of the human figure we look to the art of the costumier to achieve a contact.

The English stage work, surrendered almost entirely to the decorators, has solved the problem of consistency in terms of this decoration. In an environment of conventionally treated realism it becomes simple to use costume governed by a like principle. The yearn for historic truth, seam by seam and button by button, which one associates with Tree and 1882, has yielded to a more interpretative rendering of costume, harmonised in form and colour to the scene and expressing something of the dramatic purpose of the wearer. The English rooms are particularly rich in costume designs of this genre, significant from the viewpoint of the new theatre, as they contain that last element. From the over-elaborate devices of Percy Anderson to the memorably beautiful work of Wilkinson and Rutherston the note is of art superimposed upon realism.

The same truth applies to most of the foreign costume work. In the French section, for example, Fauconnet, Duncan Grant, and the more eccentric Laglenne find themselves hampered by truth to period, but able to create semi-

realistic costumes for the semi-realistic backgrounds. Another line of costume development is the Eastern one, which finds its high-water mark in Bakst (unfortunately represented at Kensington only by his influence). But the real problem of costume commences where this Eastern influence and the historical or historical-decorative leaves off. Stage art in its most recent manifestations as abstractionism and expressionism is ill-served by the older methods.

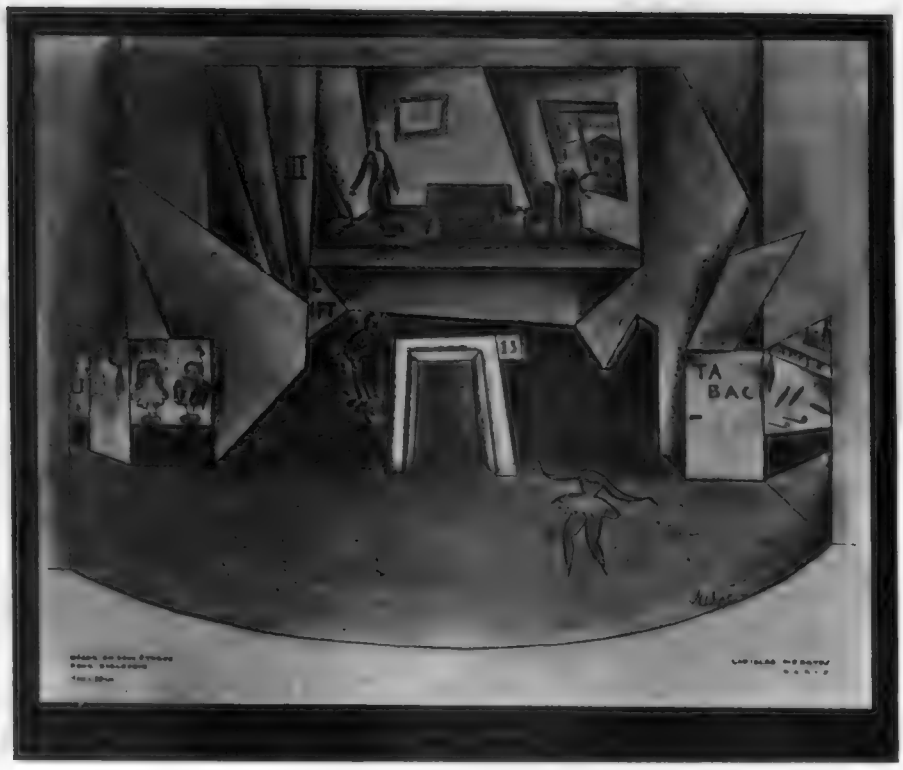
In the case of the Futurists and Simultanists interesting work is forthcoming. Our illustration of a design by Prampolini shows an intellectualised arrangement of surfaces which imposes upon the figure a non-naturalistic conception exactly harmonised with its background. Nevertheless, it remains unhampered and free to express dramatic intention by gesture or dance —an essential of design. (One notes the tell-tale pencil note upon Larionow's design 750a, and wonders whether other work by the Russians is restricted to movement "*principalement pour la voix et aussi pour des petites secousses.*") Simultanism, however, is an art of surfaces, and those of the human figure are subject to its treatment.

It is therefore when we reach the abstractionists that the gulf between costume and scene visibly widens. Craig's work indicates that he retreats upon drapery. In his designs, as in many others where realism has been altogether abandoned, there is a tendency to add the figures in such broad masses as to shirk the details of costume. His vaguely Hellenistic woodcuts owe their value from a theatre standpoint rather to dramatic poses than to costume.

The German expressionist work gives insufficient indication of their method of solving the difficulties, but its solution probably lies in some coming together of Craig's preoccupation with the æsthetics of line, mass, and colour, and their determination to attune all elements to the keynote of the play. Costume designers may find that in the release alike from historic-decoration and from the rather violent interference of the Futurist, their work best meets the needs of the new stage art by intensive culture of non-representational line, mass, and colour consecrated to expressing dramatic motive. This important craft must not lag behind, and South Kensington hints its backwardness.

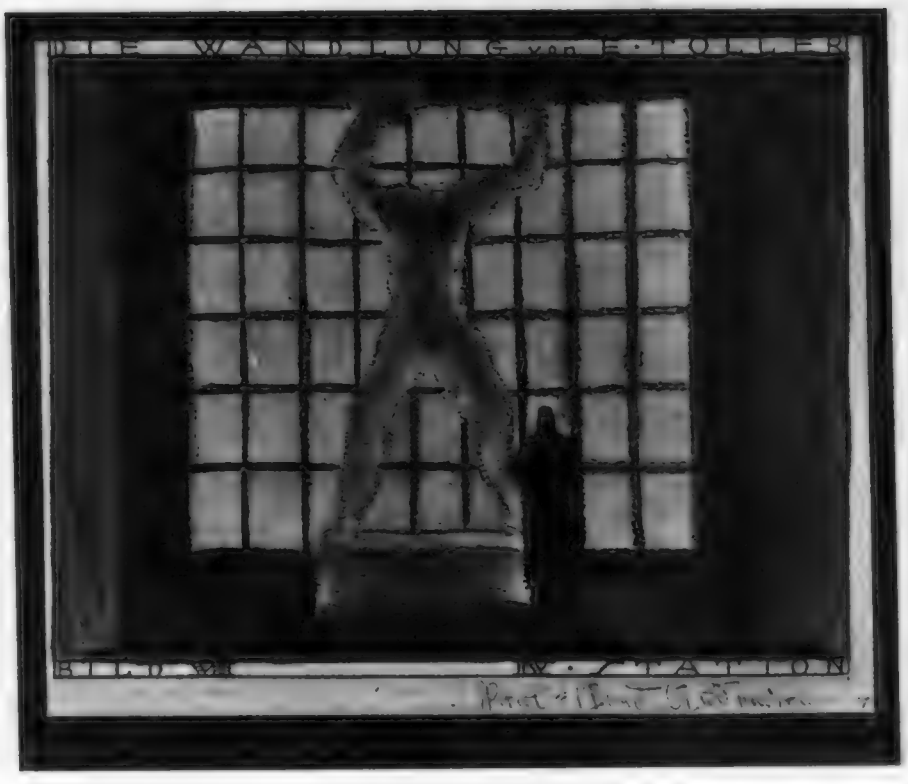
Design by Adolphe Appia for Parsifal. The Sacred Forest.

International Theatre Exhibition, South Kensington.



Simultanist decor for a Burlesque. Designed on two levels by Ladislas Medgyes.

International Theatre Exhibition, South Kensington.



Design by Gudurian for Die Wandlung (Toller).

International Theatre Exhibition, South Kensington.

Costume design by E. Prampolini
for La Nuit Metallique.

International Theatre Exhibition, South Kensington.

In Lieu of Preface

Being a Note on Technique

By Halcott Glover

If a man writes plays his work must, of course, be judged from the point of view of the theatre. But in plays which deal with subjects not peculiar to individuals there is always much more to be said than the nature of a play permits. Whence a temptation to write prefaces; to share with others some of the many interesting things of which no theatrical use is made. The purest artists, wisely resting silent in their work before the public, are usually found to have a great deal to say about it in private. Naturally so; for if a work of art has any personality at all it has something of the extensive implications giving depth and meaning to all persons. The editors of Theatre-Craft having invited me on the completion of my set of three mediæval plays to hang myself in their columns, I take the opportunity of a speech from the scaffold to talk a little about some of the things, outside playwriting, which have interested me in the course of their composition and publication.

My method is to rough out the play first and pay attention to history afterwards. The object of this is to give character some freedom. It is a freedom which carries a penalty; for what may be gained in the quality of surprise may be more than lost in a reader's resentment before additions or omissions in a known story. Idle for the author to say that his whole point in *Wat Tyler*, for example, was the discovery on letting his characters go that the Peasants' Revolt failed from internal rather than external causes. History makes a great point of the dramatic entry of the young king as " leader " immediately upon Tyler's death, and omission of this incident, which obviously had nothing to do with the collapse of the rebels, was protested against. Where, it was asked, was the opposition? Well, historically there was practically none, and psychologically it was not needed. The play may be the worse for its absence,

but it is one of the wonders of that remarkable revolt that all the authorities had to do was to sweep up the pieces when it had split of its own nature. And here came the point of interest which moved me to write the play. Begun before the war and finished in 1919, it was written with one eye on England, one on the French Revolution, and a third (if I may be absurd) on Russia. What might have happened in France if the outside European Powers had not united her in arms by invasion? Would Lenin be still in power if Royalist adventurers, backed by the wasted millions of the Allies, had not confirmed his sanction? These are not, in my opinion, entirely foolish questions. It is not to be supposed that we have done with revolts and revolutions, and it is quite a practical question how they may best be handled. In the Peasants' Revolt was a small, distant, convenient revolution to speculate upon, and one perhaps unique in the absence of armed opposition. Without one blow struck against it—for it had manifestly weakened to its end before Tyler was killed—it rose, flowered, withered, and in the body died. I take no sides, do not enter into the question whether the revolt in principle was right or wrong. Neither do I comment upon the fact that in the long run it succeeded, setting free the peasant for the glorious achievements of the industrial revolution to follow some centuries later. I merely looked at men as they walk about before us: Tyler and Ball, demagogue and visionary, constantly allied, as constantly of each other destructive. The philosophy of the play, if I may use so ambitious a term for a view so obvious, is that revolutions, things as necessary to humanity as the conservatism against which they break, carry with them the seeds not only of their dissolution, but of ultimate fruition; and that just as religious persecution gives only the energy of fever to the thing desired to be suppressed, so armed opposition to discontent tends to provoke greater evils than those it quite justly seeks to put down.

In *The King's Jewry*, as the characters and events are imaginary, the king being an idealised figure introduced for balance and an expression of the anti-Jewish idea, the play labours under less handicap. The Jewish problem, which Mr. Belloc tells us is working up to a head in fresh disaster, was a very interesting one to picture as in its

thirteenth-century phase; but of wider interest to me was the attitude of the mediæval Catholic Church towards usury. It will be recalled that not only usury in the sense of excessive interest was condemned, but interest on money in any form. So long as the Canon Law was able to stand against the necessities of commercialism, commerce itself was strictly limited. The whole propertied modern world, including the Catholic Church, has embraced the operations of interest on money, and the mediæval view is regarded as hopelessly wrong. The one-time vital struggle about usury, with its subdivision of interest, might be taken as settled and dead, if it were not for the curious fact that the many formidable challenges to the commercial system which have cropped up in the past century are closely allied with a denial of the rights of interest. It is seen that much popular hot air (to call it so) is breath from the old heart of Europe. I have taken no side in this controversy either, but have presented it as a going concern, only dressing it for detachment in the colours of a past age in which the fight was cleaner and simpler and more equal than it is to-day. If the historical play has any use beyond entertainment, is it not this?

The third play, *Hail, Cæsar!* deals with the beginning of the trouble between England and Ireland. Here indeed I am the fool rushing in where angels fear to tread. I have not even seen Ireland. I might impertinently answer that neither has any other Englishman. And if we are all equal before the Lord, so are we all equal before the past. It was the approaching acceptance of the Treaty which encouraged me to begin, and the nominal ratification of the Treaty which kept me going. I thought I might let the ghosts of vexatious lovers dance over a green grave. Alas! it seems to be a grave that gives up its dead. Let me hide myself in the general question, which seems to me is the widest of all.

In THE ENGLISH REVIEW for May there is a very interesting article by "Judex" on "The Riddle of Ireland." I venture to quote a passage, with apologies for the omitted words:

> "They are fighting for . . . the eternal movement of ardour, sacrifice and martyrdom, without which the fires of . . . discord would slumber, and pistols would rust, and in the fatty degeneration of . . . harmony men and women would forget, nay, might forgive."

I add this passage, read when the following remarks were already written, by way of text to them.

Very near at hand is an example of the clash between small nationalities and the great military State. Ireland is especially interesting from the fact of primitive European tribal custom having lingered there so long, while the rest of Europe went on to ordered government enforced by arms. She came into Latin civilisation, with all that the word implies, law, arms, subjection, a thousand years later than England; she is therefore a thousand years behind or a thousand years ahead, according as one regards civilisation, in its exact and limited sense, as permanent or temporary. The group of very ancient customs from which Ireland is derived, called Brehon Law (I know no more about it myself than is contained in the *Encyclopædia Britannica*), had no provision of police, no judges, no fixed boundaries or central force for compulsion. It appears to have been a rude, easy, sometimes violent and cruel, but normally abundant and happy life, capable of high culture in matters of the spirit. How far this culture was native or how far it was due to a peaceful penetration by Christianity is of course a debated question; but there seems to be good evidence that at her brightest, during the Dark Ages, Ireland shone as a beacon to the rest of Europe. Now here is food for meditation. There is the blessed sweetness of the idea of freedom; but there is also the tremendous example of the Pax Romana. Leaving complications aside, here are the two grand theories as to human affairs—consent, or rule. Can mere consent ever be unanimous? If not, can it stand against authority? The note of Ireland's struggle, first as last, has been division. Division is one of the characteristics of freedom. The paradox that only in submission to rule can men find freedom has never won the assent of the born rebellious. The case of such rebellious may be stated somewhat thus: If the thing you call civilisation rests fundamentally on armed and usually alien compulsion, it is useless to point out to us its advantages; we don't like them, we prefer our own way. For the sake of that way we will, if necessary, forgo civilisation, that thus a finer thing may have liberty to grow. If you would let us alone, they say in effect, we would show the world a way to a full and virile life beside which

yours is empty, dull, and slavish, and this without the hammerings of organised force which elsewhere, if the event is any proof, have been necessary to make peoples and States. . . . Well, who can say? That Cæsar did not go to Ireland (Cæsar meaning Imperial Rome in the centuries of her development) was her opportunity—or her misfortune. A thousand years later Cæsar, in the person of Henry II., did at last land in Ireland, finding her as bitterly divided as she is to-day. So there we have it: division as a chosen way, *versus* the singlemindedness of authority. Does that love of liberty which is still in the blood of all of us stand for still unconquered humanity, wiser than its rulers; or is it, to look no farther back than the day before yesterday, the remains of the tribal principle going fretfully to its end, to leave the world a better place when the conqueror is supreme?

That is the clean question latent in *Hail, Cæsar!* In its exponents, as men and women are not clean questions but men and women, the question is shown as dim, struggling to expression: mixed motives on both sides and an end in compromise which is no end. The question in one application or another is pretty vividly all about us. In international politics, in the motive of the next war, in Labour, and in domestic morals we see the potential ruler and the protesting, potential free. Are we to serve masters? —that is the immediate issue, as it has been for thousands of years. In the thousands of years before us is Cæsar to die finally at the Capitol of the world, as Kaiser and Tsar have recently and for a moment died; or is Cæsar indeed God, to whom the smoke of our incense should rise for complete fulfilment of His will?

The Greenleaf Theatre

By Constance Smedley (Mrs. Maxwell Armfield)

The Greenleaf Theatre sprang from a desire to find the universal elements of drama, a common A B C, which all could learn, and then a universal vocabulary, easily comprehended by all nations and classes and ages. Hence the recognition of the importance of body-language.

Then came the desire for a common fountain of ideas, expressed through universal symbols, and so came our interest in the natural universe, unbarriered, unlimited, as far as ideas and symbols went, the common property of all. Thus the Greenleaf Theatre is a theatre of ideas, translated into symbols of nature, as well as of their customary interpretation through human relationships. The plays of our complex modern civilisation have become as humanly preoccupied, and as divorced from outdoor contacts, as our city life. The imitative efficiency of the modern scenic artist has, moreover, resulted in that part of the play being left almost entirely to his craft; the author concerns himself with the characters and their human contacts only. But the plays of the Greenleaf Theatre return to the methods of ancient playwrights, inasmuch as their characters show the influence of their environment in words and movement, even in voice-tones. Precise and formal speaking and moving, neat and careful, in a formal garden; free and sweeping rhythm of voice and gesture on a windswept prairie; a hushed and even intonation of the voice in moonlit stillness; staccato rush of notes in daisied meadows, bright with spring; sustained and mellow speaking in the calm of noonday. A general keynote of movement, sound, and colour, followed by author, director, actor, simultaneously and continuously; harmonised parts, each making its own rich contribution to the whole, instead of a single line of melody of the human drama, with a more or less related accompaniment of scene, costume, light, and acting, and too often, no definite rhythm or *tempo* at all.

THE GREENLEAF THEATRE

A universal travelling theatre, directly in contact with the community, had been visualised, a theatre of village greens and public playgrounds, halls and schoolrooms, as well as temples and amphitheatres consecrated to the drama. We wanted to go right out to the people.

The work began at the House Dinners of the Lyceum Club, when the diners were included in pageants and ceremonies; a Travellers' Dinner, when the hall was invaded by travellers in search of the hospitality of art and letters, an Old May Day Festival, a Fairytale Dinner ensued.

Then came life in the little town of Minchinhampton in the Cotswolds, resulting in a Pageant of Progress at Stroud, which led to the founding and training of the Cotswold Players (1912). They toured the hamlets and towns with ever-widening radius and success.

All this time the synthesised elements of drama, the A B C of speech and movement, colour and arrangement, were being studied, and simple laws completely universal in their application were becoming known and proved. Then came London, and studio performances of the Greenleaf Theatre (1915), invited to the Margaret Morris Theatre with Eleanor Elder, Kathleen Dillon, and others interested in rhythmic drama. The programme consisted of small plays; three idylls of Theocritus, a Persian idyll by Maxwell Armfield (the first thing to be completely worked out in formalised drawings, interpreted by the actors as musicians might interpret a score, or dancers a formal dance), and a metrical play, *The Curious Herbal*, by Constance Smedley. These were linked together by a continuous chain of rhyme—prologues and epilogues and explanations, with poems and songs set therein, so that the whole was not only continuous but definitely related. Each poem or song was contributory or explanatory of the atmosphere of the play about to come.

By this time the uniforming of the players had come. The Cotswold Players are still gay in scarlet, lavender, and white, as they move about the hall or come upon the apron stage. The Greenleaf Players have long green coats with black and white check borders, over dancing tunics of varying shades of green, and black tights cross-gartered in gold. Like the Cotswold Players, the Greenleaves wear a headgear of black resembling bobbed hair, only theirs is sur-

mounted by individual wreaths, and the Cotswold Players by hats in which a sprig of juniper is fixed.

The Greenleaf Players also appear before black curtains embroidered with quaint trees and bushes, which part to show the bright-hued miniatures of the plays. The eye is rested by the monotones and uniforms of the players as they sing and say the intervening framework. While their slightest word or movement is predetermined, and rhythmically precise, the character of this part of their work is that of friendly simplicity, and natural and courteous relationship with the audience. They explain and demonstrate, instead of using a printed programme. Drama is speech in action, not in print. But as long as they are functioning as players their entire expression must be art. Up to our arrival in San Francisco this work had been a labour of love, engaged in as the normal share of public service in professional life; America gave the work educational status, and for the last five years programmes and lectures on the theory and laws involved have been given in universities and colleges, community theatres and women's clubs. Our five-act play, *Miriam*, was given at the Greek Theatre, Berkeley, with Ruth St. Denis in the title-*rôle*, under the direction of Professor Samuel Hume; a folk dance festival play, *The King's Progress*, in the same great amphitheatre, by the students of the University of California; and we produced *The Winter's Tale* as the initial production of the Theatre of Allied Arts, Berkeley, which was invited to the Winthrop Ames Little Theatre, New York, for a series of *matinées* under the auspices of the N.Y. Kindergarten Association. The record in colour of this last is to be published in England and America.

In August and September the Cotswold Players and others have invited the Greenleaf Theatre to conduct a Summer School at Woodchester, near Stroud, when two weeks of productions will be given.

The Greenleaf Theatre is not confined to elementary productions, but we hold that the science and art of drama is as exact and as comprehensive as the science of music, and should be understood and demonstrated perfectly at every stage. A folksong in its degree is as essentially perfect and complete as a symphony. But one masters the folksong first.

Peer Gynt

By S.O.

UNDOUBTEDLY the sensation, which is also a mystery, of the theatre season of 1922 has been *Peer Gynt*, played at "The Old Vic" to overflow houses. I went twice to try to find the reason, but the second visit left me puzzling rather over the house. Why of all plays has *Peer Gynt* been a colossal success? *Heartbreak House*, by G. B. S., could not survive. The notion of Ibsen's very long and symbolic play succeeding in the West End almost makes one laugh, yet across the water Ibsen won straight out and "The Old Vic" is the champion theatre of the year—why?

The music? In part, this may be an explanation. Grieg's *suite* is well known; it is played on piers, its gnomic charm still fascinates, and we have a musical revival in England. But this is not enough. As a theatrical presentation the performance lacked richness, and in any case Part II is somewhat tiresome to-day, which makes Part III too long. About four hours of *Peer* is exacting. Was it Mr. Thorndike's acting?

He certainly is an ideal *Peer*, and his rendering of Ibsen's "playboy" was a masterpiece. The voice, the careless manner and gesture, the strangeness of eye, the subjective personation, natural to this actor, the vagabondage of style—all this Mr. Thorndike has, and thrown out surely and consciously through a part which in design and reincarnation embodies the dream spirit of the North, a force was generated which made of this interpretation a great symbolic creation.

Yet even that, and the music, seem hardly enough to account for the "mystery." Something in the play was clearly popular. What? Why? Are we to look for the woman, as ever?

Perhaps. On both occasions that I saw the play seventy per cent. of the house wore skirts. The stalls seemed a

white mist of blouses. There were girls everywhere, with ginger-pop.

What do the women see in *Peer Gynt*? He is no Lovelace; no stage hero; no villain. Rough, uncouth, odd, mystical, the complete dreamer and unpopular in the village, Peer was popular enough to London women. Yet women dislike man dreamers (they do not make money). They despise oddity, shun roughness, fear unpopularity, have no general use for the man who is not on earth, who cannot earn his living, who is neither a protector nor creator. And there are few love passages. Peer is a soliloquy all through. He talks—just talks. Nothing happens. True, the trolls are jolly, but the entire play is symbolism, and compared with Strindberg's *Damascus*—a far finer piece of work—*Peer Gynt* rather etiolates into the commonplace. Strindberg's wonderful play has never been performed here and probably would not run two weeks anyhow. Is there not some nexus explanatory of *Peer Gynt's* popularity in this paradox?

Ibsen understood women. He founded the " modern " woman. He was the first writer to present her aspirations and tendencies on the stage, and he was much loved by the women of his time. Strindberg, symbolist of the male crusader, designer of the vampire woman, the terrific uncompromiser of sex, was hated by the women, and outside of Sweden and Germany his plays have never got a hearing. But Ibsen was woman's dramatist. He betrayed her to man. He slew the " doll " wife. He revealed the unintellectual emotionalism of woman. He gave her a latch-key, ambition, divorce—romance. This last was his particular gift to the sex.

Strindberg fought it like a demon and was beaten. Ibsen remains the creator of woman's freedom, and always there is some quality in his works which women seem instinctively to understand (see *The Master Builder*), endearing him to the sex. I can see that *Peer Gynt* has this subtle quality. Women know the qualms and feelings of his plagued mother. They know the martyrdom and love-pangs of the girl who waits for him. They know their *Peer* with his dreams and vanities, his boyish boasts, his rainbow talk, his unrealities, they who stand always on Mother Earth. Of all writers, Ibsen stands out as the

master-comprehender of women, and his women all reveal the eternal truths of life, which in substance is woman's function.

And so this *Peer*, no Pilgrim of piety, like Bunyan's, no intellectual giant, like Strindberg's, no man of the world, like *Faust*, no poet, like Synge's *Playboy*, is apt, after three hours of it, to pall on the male; but to women he is the boy, the termagant, never-grown-up, wayward, feckless, difficult, foolish, virile dream-animal that man so often is, that fascinates women because they are his exact opposite in form and being and purpose.

How otherwise can we explain the London women's rapture for this rugged *Peer*, who is neither Don Juan, Don Quixote, nor Peter Pan, not even a rogue? A mere truant. Always kicking at the sky and falling backward. A poor lover. A sad bedfellow. A loser all the time, and on the stage an everlasting talker, like a politician.

The appeal is matriarchal. Women sense their definiteness in life over such a man, whose very failures register their consolation. They watch his antics with the Ibsenic "thrill" of *The Master Builder*, as they watched the heroism and massacre of war. Men go, they remain. They are the purpose of life, free or unfree; man is the life itself to which, in its fullest sense, women do not attain.

Ibsen knew this. His women are just what Shakespeare's are not. They break with the old civilisation, generate the new motive, disconnect woman from the Church, sever an umbilical cord. The highest woman is still the Madonna—with the Child. Thus Ibsen is to-day right "on the carpet." All writers since have followed him. In "featuring" women he not only put them into literature—for the first time, but he gave them the keys of this world in exchange for those of Heaven, which up to his day had been the only ones available to them. *Peer* stands for this.

Ibsen, who always wrote of real people, never made his women theatrical, for he knew that men, as the vain sex, the singing cock-bird, only are theatrical. His "wild" and lame ducks are always of the male species; the women are the Greek chorus, appraisers, deriving consciousness from the doubt, to their own benefit. That is why, I fancy, the women flocked to see *Peer*. The boy gently amused

them. And, like Fate, they await their triumph which comes through love, the eternal dream—the dream man struggles to subdue, to evade, to sublimate (poor fellow!) into spirituality.

This is what Ibsen struck at, uprooted, and set free. He is the *Uncle Tom's Cabin* of woman's evolution. For Ibsen was no iconoclast. If he freed woman, he riveted man by the very act, for henceforth woman has a consciousness which already is the note of our modern world. It is her age. The significance to-day of *Peer* is not the man, it lies rather in the advance registrable by woman, and it is the genius of Ibsen to have portrayed this so unerringly. In *Peer* women see their own time, their own significance, their own place, and the mirror is not unpleasing. These "playboys" are their love-children, riding away with life, like a witch, on the broom-stick of illusion, in quest of the beyond, as we see *Peer* in the great death scene of his mother, one of the great scenes in drama. He taught them to understand themselves, and, paradoxical though it may seem, *Peer Gynt's* raving soliloquies through four hours at "The Old Vic" are to many women a tonic reminder of life's realities in our theatre land of fairies, *déshabillage*, and male moonshine.

THE
ENGLISH REVIEW

The Drug Panic

By a London Physician

It is a long while since I was at school, and I may have forgotten some things, but I remember well that I was taught there to beware of a certain type of fallacy called *non distributio medii*; and this fallacy is at the base of all the recent most baneful, most mischievous, most wasteful and most insolent legislation which we see on all hands, but nowhere more than in the matter of such follies as the Dangerous Drugs Act.

The present writer agrees entirely with the thesis expounded by a New York Specialist in the June issue of The English Review. In this matter of the Dangerous Drugs Act Parliament seems to have been inspired by ignorance made deeper by the wildest ravings of that class of newspaper which aspires to thrill its readers —if reading it can be called—with blood-curdling horrors.

And here is where the fallacy I mentioned comes in. We are all laudably busy in "cleaning up" Sin in its hydra-headed and Protean forms. Very good: we hear that a woman abuses morphine, or a man goes mad and destroys his family with an axe.

We then argue that as the morphine and the axe can injure society, it must be made as difficult as possible for any one to buy these engines of atrocity. No! we do not do so in the case of the axe, because it is obvious to everybody that there is a large class of very poor men whose livelihood would be taken away if they could not get axes.

Then why does not the same argument apply in the case of the morphine? Because the public is ignorant of the existence of " a large class of very poor men " who would die or go insane if morphine were withheld from them.

Bronchitis and asthma, in particular, are extremely

common among the lower classes, in consequence of exposure, bad air, and other insanitary conditions. One of my own patients is a most brilliant exponent of electrical science, endowed with a creative genius which would have enriched the world in a thousand ways had he not been hampered all his life by spasmodic asthma. This man cannot live and work at all unless he has a supply of heroin in case he is seized by a spasm. His ill-health has prevented him amassing a fortune; he is, in fact, extremely poor. Now what is the effect of the Dangerous Drugs Act on him—and he is only one of probably 100,000 similar cases in these islands? Only this—that he must trudge round constantly to his doctor to obtain a new prescription: this means time and money which he can ill afford. Also, it might mean danger to life, if he happened to forget his supply of the drug, and were seized with an attack; for he could hardly explain—in the violence of the paroxysm—to a chance-summoned doctor that heroin, and heroin alone, would relieve him.

Nor does the mischief end here. (It is, to begin with, infernally un-English and unsportsmanlike to spy upon professional men, the pharmacist as well as the doctor.) All prescriptions for dangerous drugs are retained by the dispenser. He can obtain drugs as he requires them from the wholesale houses, and the transfer must be reported to the Central Spy Station. Detective-inspectors then drop in at all hours on the pharmacist, weigh what he has in stock, and see if the amount dispensed tallies with the amount prescribed. Woe to the wight who cannot account for the eighth of a grain! (It is not my business, but it is very much the business of the public, to inquire into the cost of conducting this elaborate infamy.)

And this microscopical meddling with reputable and responsible druggists, while the stuff is being sold all over England in wholesale quantities!

But it does not stop here, even. The spies note the quantities prescribed by each physician, and sherlock him home. The statistics show that Dr. Black has prescribed 2 ounces 3 pennyweights 1 scruple and $2\frac{3}{8}$ grains of morphia during the last month, while Dr. White has only prescribed $4\frac{1}{6}$ grains in the same period. As Dr. White happens to be a kidney, and Dr. Black a cancer, specialist, the anomaly

is not so remarkable as it appears to Inspector Smellemout, who has no knowledge of medicine whatever, and cares for nothing but the pleasures of bullying and the hopes of promotion. So he goes to Dr. Black, and warns him! The D.D. Act has nothing before its eyes but a (largely imaginary) class of " addicts." Dr. Black is suspected of selling prescriptions to people who are not in real need of the drug. In America, traps are laid for doctors. A detective, usually a " lady," goes to the doctor with a false story of symptoms read up for the purpose from a medical book. She not improbably adds to the effect by shameless seduction; and if she gets the prescription, one way or another, the unhappy doctor is " railroaded " to jail. We have not reached that height of civilisation in England as yet; but we have only to keep on going!

Now what is the effect on Dr. Black? He has been, we may suppose, established as a physician, with perhaps an appointment at a leading hospital, for the past thirty years. He has found it necessary to prescribe constantly increasing doses of morphia—as the only palliative—in hopeless cases of cancer. And now an inspector who doesn't know his toe from his tibia is sitting opposite to him, notebook in hand, browbeating him. " Do you mean to tell me that after prescribing morphia daily to Miss Grey for nearly eleven years she has not become an addict?" And so on.* Of course she is an addict, as much as we ourselves are addicted to breathing—stop it for one brief hour, and death often ensues! Strange! No law about it yet, either —shameful!

The upshot of the Inspector's visit is to make Dr. Black try to prescribe less morphia. In other words, the law tries to compel him, under pain of the possible loss of his reputation or even of his diploma, to violate his oath as a physician to use his judgment and experience for his patients' benefit.

And meanwhile, Dr. White, that good man, who prescribes so little morphia, has an even better brother, Dr. Snow White, who never prescribes it at all, but, being

* A really self-respecting doctor would simply call his servants, tell them "Throw this gentleman out," and fight the matter in the Courts to the death. Alas! that so few of us can afford the luxury of self-respect; we have too often the spectre of wife and children at our ears, whispering "Compromise! Lie low!"

highly esteemed as a consultant, is often sent for in difficult cases by Continental physicians, and returns to England with a few pounds of various " Dangerous Drugs " safely bestowed and sells them discreetly at enormous prices to his exclusive clientèle of " fast " or " ultra-smart " people about town.

My colleague from New York was a thousand times right to insist that the whole question is one of moral education. And what does the D.D. Act actually do? It sets at naught the moral education which no self-respecting physician or even pharmacist can have failed to acquire during his training in science. The Legislature deliberately determines to distrust the very people who are legally responsible for the physical well-being of the nation, and puts them under the thumb of the police, as if they were potential criminals. It makes a diploma waste paper. It drives the patient into the hands of the quack and the peddler of drugs.

Nobody in England—or America either for that matter—seems to have the remotest idea of the enormity of public ignorance. Compulsory education has made every noodle the peer of the greatest knowers and thinkers—in his own estimation. The really educated classes have lost their prestige. The public imagines itself entitled to pronounce with authority on questions which the experts hold most debateable. Yet instead of " education " having levelled the community, knowledge has advanced so rapidly in so many directions that the specialist has been forced to specialise still further. The gap between (say) the Professor of Organic Chemistry and the yokel is vastly greater than it was in 1872. But the specialist is distrusted more and more, even in England. In America he is not only distrusted, but hated. There is an epidemic of witch-finding, one is tempted to say. If democracy is to mean that intellectual superiority is a police offence, there seems no reason for not adopting the Bolshevik theories at once. And there is certainly no difficulty in understanding why democracies have in the past invariably led to the extinction of the nations which adopted them. The whole essence of Evolution is to let the best man win: yet our recent theory seems to be that the best man, the " sport," is necessarily a danger to society. The English Constitution is based upon

a hierarchical principle; men are to be tested in every respect, and those who succeed are entrusted with power, while the weakest must go to the wall, as Nature intends and insists that they shall. But now, apparently with the charitable design of ensuring that none but the weakest, physically and morally, shall propagate their kind, we send our best men into a type of warfare where neither courage nor intelligence can be of the slightest avail; we make politics impossible for men of high principle or decent feeling; and we end by telling those who have risked their lives time and again in the pursuit of that knowledge which will enable us to prepare a stronger and cleaner race of men for the future that they are not to be trusted to prescribe for their own patients!

We are patient, we physicians, we warriors in an age-long battle against disease, ninety-five per cent. of which is the direct result of ignorance, vice, and stupidity; that is perhaps why we remain quiet under the foul and senseless insult of the Dangerous Drugs Act.

But the inhibition acts in another way. Already, just as the best representatives of English life refuse to go into politics, we see that the best qualified men and women refuse to be subjected to the ignominy inseparable from the profession of teaching.

Those who are already in the mire prefer to stay there, or feel that there is no way out. But they warn the newcomer against entering.

Similarly, if the prestige of the pharmacist is to go, he will be forced to earn his living as he does in America by opening ice-cream-soda fountains and similar undignified methods of compensating himself for the self-respect which insane legislation has torn from him; and the medical profession will be filled by men who have no true love of knowledge or pity for humanity, but are in a hurry to put up a brass plate, and push their way to the front.

A story to end! The *reductio ad absurdum*—pray pardon the undemocratic phrase—is given by the case of the University of ——, one of our six most prominent Universities.

This body ran out of its supply of cocaine; a small quantity was urgently required for research work. Application was made in due form.

It was refused.
Correspondence.
Cross-correspondence.
Counter-cross-correspondence.
Affidavits.
Files.
Dockets.
Pleas.
Cross-pleas.
Etc., etc., etc., for all the world like " a jolly chapter of Rabelais."
The matter eventually reached the Privy Council!!!
It was refused.
More correspondence.
Cross-correspondence.
. . . Etc. as before.

The Scientific Research Society took up the matter on behalf of the University. *More* correspondence, etc.—and there the affair still is. But think of what might have happened! Imagine all those old professors solemnly sitting round their board-table sniffing cocaine in the hope of One Last Jag! And they could have sent a boy to Switzerland and got all they wanted in three days.

"The Myth of Arthur"

By G. K. Chesterton

O LEARNED man who never learned to learn,
Save to deduce, by timid steps and small,
From towering smoke that fire can never burn
And from tall tales that men were never tall.
Say, have you thought what manner of man it is
Of whom men say "He could strike giants down"?
Or what strong memories over time's abyss
Bore up the pomp of Camelot and the crown;
And why one banner all the background fills
Beyond the pageants of so many spears,
And by what witchery in the western hills
A throne stands empty for a thousand years;
Who hold, unheeding this immense impact,
Immortal story for a mortal sin;
Lest human fable touch historic fact,
Chase myths like moths, and fight them with a pin—
Take comfort; rest—there needs not this ado,
You shall not be a Myth, I promise you.

The Moral of Horatio Bottomley

By the Editor

It is impossible to write of Horatio Bottomley without sadness. His life of startling ups and downs, his success and personality, his last glistening appeal to a British jury, even the amplitude of his impostures—these things are crystals in a career which had definitely assumed national proportions, and it is because of this fact that the man is of public interest. He was one of those who walked into the 1918 Parliament, shouting "Hang the Kaiser!" He was a Prince of Fleet Street. He owned a racing stable. To quite a million of good people he shone like a star. He was a national force whom Governments had to reckon with, in fact almost the only thing he lacked was a title, and really it seems a pity, with such a picturesque name, that the luck of fortune deprived him of an honour that seemed almost ludicrously fitting to so popular and "patriotic" a personality. For though we may scoff to-day, yesterday he led us; he was the great journalist of his age; he was the great defender of Britain's "honour."

As a believer in mercy I sincerely hope that his sentence may be reduced. Justice, no doubt, first—such as it is in this mortal world; yet the real indictment against Bottomley is not his appropriation of public—a very silly public's—moneys, but his expropriation of opinion and sentiment used maleficently, irresponsibly, and demoralisingly, and for that reason the shutting down of such a man's power, for power it was, is a civic benefit. Humanly, Bottomley was no better or much worse than dozens of reputations who escape detection because they keep within the technicalities of the law; indeed, as a man, he typified and even represented a generation of Englishmen, so much so that the question may legitimately be asked: Was Bottomley England?—and the answer is not a pleasant one.

He had the peculiar qualities of coarseness, vulgarity, glibness, and effrontery that ensure popularity. He was a demagogue, an eloquent speaker, an unblushing hypocrite,

a champion—with his tongue in his cheek—of the small man, and during the war he traded upon this halo with such success that in the Army Bottomley was one of the few constant subjects of discussion, and tens of thousands believed in him. Not wholly without cause. He and his weekly did stand, however artfully and commercially, for the under-dog; he voiced his grievances, exposed scandals, now and again he even stood manfully for a cause, as we saw over Ireland. The great herd came to regard *John Bull* as *their* platform, where the biscuit was. He provided them with a tail to wag, gave them sustenance, took their money, and posed as the doughty swordsman of their wrongs and grievances, and then he was such a "sport" with his Turf magnificences, his daily champagne, his Gargantuan habits, his "patriotic" blather, his bar politics, his reputation, so dear to the Englishman reared on reverence for the law, as the only man who could knock the best lawyers in their own wigs. "It's in *John Bull*, my lud."

We can cast stones to-day, but yesterday Bottomley was an extraordinary power in the land, and not only to the crowd. A year ago he was freely spoken of as the next Prime Minister, and he actually founded a party, whose slogan was "Anti-waste"! A good joke, yet it served. Bottomley, as the song says, was the man. He was to "save" England. He would show them how to cut down expenditure, and when one considers the huge sums raised by his name, on nothing and for nothing, it may well be that he would have been Prime Minister had he not committed the one unpardonable sin of taking himself seriously.

That was his undoing. Up to the war Bottomley was just *John Bull*—out for the people's penny, personally a jovial fellow, generous, unprincipled, perhaps the most amusing companion in London. The war gave him a chance which turned his head—he became at first unwittingly, then consciously, a prophet. No matter how often he was wrong about the war, or what ineptitudes he wrote, Bottomley became the voice of no small part of England. His writing became "inspired." He rediscovered a divinity; he periodically visited the trenches, like a Messiah; the more gross, brutal, and stupid his homiletic bellowings the greater grew his following, until

he came really to think he had a mission, in short, to back his own horse.

What killed Bottomley was his placards shortly after the Armistice all over London: "America betrays our dead." That was a national offence, and from that hour he was a marked man. The country has yet to learn of the danger of estrangement which existed up to the Washington Conference, and Bottomley's action at that time was disgraceful. It was the red flag, and had Bottomley not lost his head he certainly from that moment would have avoided the use of cheques. But he was a runaway horse by then and could not stop. He has fallen, and though many will hope to see him serve a less severe sentence, the man and his power are for ever broken, and the most demoralising force in journalism has been removed.

It is this aspect that matters. Bottomley's power in journalism lay in his seizing upon a period of transition and exploiting it. At the end of the Victorian age the mob had no paper—Bottomley gave them one. He realised the vast field open to cunning exploitation, the field of a generation emerging from the restrictions of Puritanism, who had learnt to read and write, in conditions which were gradually moving towards the democratisation of society started by the South African millionaires and their Boer War. In feeling Bottomley belonged to this class, and he gave them snippets, cheek, tips, cash puzzles, chronic expectations, and shrieks of "righteous indignation." He knew his world and tapped it ruthlessly. He had a sort of lilt in his writing which was sentimental, easy, and conversational. He took the inarticulate thoughts of the mob for his text and wove them into a journalese which seemed to be, at any rate came to be regarded as, Biblical in its derivation. He was the people's swashbuckler, and they, in turn, took him into their confidence. This was his real power—he megaphoned the passions, prejudices, hates, and ignorance of the mob. Thus *John Bull* came to be in post-war conditions a political force supposed to be associated with the ex-Service man; a forum, a pulpit, a party, and—a bank. As an influence, *John Bull* has been gravely injurious to the country, for its tone was low and the paper was a funnel for uneducated prejudice. The singular thing about its success was that it was the dullest

paper in London. Placards announcing some startling denunciation would appear, yet Bottomley's article on the advertised subject contained nothing but a few anæmic generalisations, and this kind of thing went on week by week and month by month, and yet the masses never tired of Bottomley's big vacuum. That may have been genius; if so, it is a strange reflection. Why was the public so consistently and so easily "spoofed"? Was *John Bull* really what a million adult men want? If so, ought he to go to prison? Had he been sent to gaol for that American placard, it would have been a right sentence. That was a crime. Yet the machinery of the law never stirred. Parliament did not call him before the bar. After all, Bottomley was only the Totalisator for money voluntarily offered. To shove him into prison for that kind of confidence trick seems queer justice in comparison with the harm he has done to public morals, taste, and education, but as the public liked it, I suppose he had every right to give them the stuff they want. We must not forget now that but for a technicality Bottomley might have led a big patriotic party into the House at the next election, and might have sat in the next Government. That is the awkwardness about his exposure. A nation's idol is the nation. Does the spirit of such an idol remain? What hope is there for Britain if such a man can rise to giddy eminence as preacher and leader of his people? What future is there in a democracy which leads to the apostolisation of such topsy-turvy values, such monstrous insincerities, such base example? It would seem a nice point for theorists.

The question of the Press to-day is its commercialisation. It is not the millionaires who necessarily degrade the Press—in the old days all art lived on patronage; it is the trustification of opinion that matters, the fact that a newspaper to-day stands for "your penny or penny halfpenny" first and foremost, thereby controlling and suffocating the free platform of idea, opinion, and culture which it should be the purpose of a democratic Press to maintain. Bottomley's weekly stood for the slowest ship, for everything that was crude, blatant, and falsely patriotic, and yet he could fire and hound on a multitudinous sentiment on any issue he pleased and almost "hold up" Parliament; indeed, had it not been for his inability to avoid crooked

financial paths, which provided his enemies or opponents with a counter-argument, he would certainly long ago have joined the ranks of the newspaper barons, as a good journalist working his way up from the bottom, and probably to-day be Lord Chancellor.

The moral of Bottomley is that. He did not fall politically, as idol, as leader, as ventriloquist, so to say, of the society he represented, he got caught financially, like a man who had lost his cunning. But in the City Bottomley was always correctly appraised. He could not fool Lombard Street or Angel Court, he who could fool a whole nation to his heart's bent, and be in the people's imaginations the very brooch and buckle of an Englishman. It is here that we come to our question. How comes it that a man who could not put it across the veriest tyro in the City was politically an outstanding power in the land and publicly a shining light of patriotic wisdom? There must obviously be something rotten in a State where values can be so misunderstood, where example can be so little appreciated, where what the French call *chantage* can be so easily and flagrantly triumphant. For Bottomley's triumph is a nation's measure. He almost proved that Lincoln was wrong and that the gullibility of the public is bottomless. Even to-day thousands are prepared to welcome him back to the public pulpit. If you have tears, prepare to shed them now.

The Bottomley cult would have been impossible in any other country that I know of, for he would have been shown up, sized up, shut up. Moreover, his paper would certainly not have found a big public in Paris or New York, it was too uneducated, too insipid, too consistently uninteresting. That is not the least curious feature about his success. Nor did he ever really fight for the people, like Cobbett, and he had no political convictions other than a jejune Toryism with modifications. He was anti-Labour, of course, as a horse-racing company promoter, and in private life disarmingly cynical and pagan. His worship was money. He was seen at his best at a company meeting of rabid shareholders, pouring oil on the turgid waters with that honeyed voice of his that seemed to draw golden showers from the ceiling. And he was past master of sentimental exploitation, which he could float better than he knew how to float

companies, which latter was an unfortunate side hobby of his, much as he indulged in horse-racing. The public forgave him all his financial vagaries for what they considered to be his "patriotism," his public honesty, his character, his gameness. Are they wondering to-day a little? One can only hope so. If not, then any day we may expect to see a successor climbing up the ladder of similar fame by the selfsame methods.

The truth is that a democracy in modern conditions is the most gullible of all forms of societies. There is no limit to the confidence trick playable upon it, and there is no balancing corrective which, because cheap humbug pays, is not a commercial success. None the less, Bottomley leaves us with a problem which will grow in national importance, as the Press grows more and more syndicated and so less and less open to free opinion. A man might acquire every newspaper in London to-day. We may come to a time when only two or three groups of papers will exist, when government becomes literally no longer possible against a solid Press combine of opposition and expectant viscounts.

As Bottomley quits Fleet Street the issue clears. His fall is an act of public liberation; but the conditions which gave this man such power remain. They are unhealthy conditions. Are we just going to jest, say something unkind about our fallen idol, and pass on? If so, I, for one, would rather see Bottomley reprieved and restored to his bank, pulpit, paper, and Parliamentary seat, hammering out his weekly trash of "faith, hope, and charity," which on balance can hardly do more harm to the foolish public that swallows it than that public will do to itself now that perforce it knows the true dimensions of its political hero, yet still fails to realise that after all Bottomley's strength was drawn only from its own weakness, its own ignorance, its own unintelligence, and still cannot bestir itself to care. His fall is none the less a signpost—to us and the Barons.

France Prefers Paper

By Austin Harrison

SLOWLY, but surely, now Europe is returning to earth despite the failures of politicians and conferences, despite even the maniacal illusions that apparently would destroy civilisation. The mouse produced at Genoa was the American bankers who slipped into Paris unobtrusively, like the harbingers of some fairy godmother with a golden pumpkin. But France, " serene and victorious," as her politicians affect to style her, brushed these worthy gentlemen aside *sans phrase*, and, let us hope, *sans reproche*, just as M. Poincaré guillotined Mr. Lloyd George at Genoa, exactly as already the blocking process has begun at The Hague. To France, the reconstruction of Europe is not the point at all; her claim is Reparations according to the bond of Treaty, and nothing that bankers, public, writers, or statesmen can do is likely to convince France of the unreasonableness of her demands, because even Reparations are secondary with her, the true explanation of her attitude, logical enough with her history, being policy —the policy of fear which aims at the break-up of racial Germany and the evisceration of her industrial or potential military unity. And so there we still are, in the air, nothing done, nothing in prospect, and the bankers, rightly gauging the " atmosphere " to be unfavourable, have deferred their good offices for three months, on the chance that by that time something may have happened to sweeten France's viewpoint towards economic laws.

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Meanwhile Europe will continue to thrive on " paper." Take just a few of the salient facts, our own case for example. Since the Armistice £800,000,000 worth of war supplies have been sold and the proceeds used to balance the last three Budgets. Now this money was capital, as Mr. Asquith pointed out. The sum is almost equal to our total war debt to America, and had we possessed a Govern-

ment with any financial soundness or a Parliament with any responsibility, we could, and should, have earmarked that capital for repayment of a debt which so far we have not begun even to pay interest on. As it is, the whole of that national wealth has been dissipated, thrown into the sands of Mesopotamia, frittered away on gigantic Budgets, so that to-day we have to set to work to resave that £800,000,000, which eventually will have to be paid back. Yet by now we could have wiped out our American debt, without knowing it. Take France. Her claim to-day is that £6,000,000,000 indemnity. Now if even Britain with her superb credit can only begin this year to pay interest on her American debt, how can Germany pay in capital seven times the amount of our debt with a currency which to-day has only the nominal value of six marks to a penny, except with the use of the printing-press which depreciates her currency every week proportionately with her currency issue? Yet this is the idea. In goods, of course, Germany can pay a good deal, but here we enter upon economic questions which affect most seriously the receiver. We don't want to be flooded with German goods which thereby strike at our own industries, and nor does France. Payment in goods is thus strictly limited, and this we see flagrantly illustrated in the case of France.

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France has refused the offer of German Trade Unionism to rebuild the devastated regions and supply the materials—refused because French contractors would not in that eventuality have a look in. Here we have a practical example of Reparations in goods—they are not wanted. But the French assert they have spent £2,000,000,000 on the devastated regions and that Germany must reimburse them, or the French Budget will be bankrupt. Mr. Maynard Keynes and most reputable economic authorities have estimated that £1,000,000,000 would amply cover the expenses of rebuilding the houses destroyed, repairing the ground, etc., of those regions, a sum one-half of the amount that France claims to have spent already. That is the sort of economics that Reparations have degenerated into—there are no economics, the claim is politics. Again, take France's general claims. Alone of the belligerents, France has acquired by the Treaty the whole of the great wealth

of Alsace-Lorraine, in addition to huge consignments of Treaty coal and the wealth obtainable from her fifteen years' occupation of the Saar valley; moreover, she has largely increased her colonial possessions. On a thirty years' balance, France has acquired the equivalent of certainly £6,000,000,000 from Alsace-Lorraine and the Saar valley alone, and had France after the Treaty settled down to sound economics and put her financial house in order she would to-day be in a flourishing condition. What did she do? She played Monte Carlo.

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She produced bigger Budgets than even ours, divided into two portions, one being based solely on Reparations. With this credit she maintained an army of 800,000 men, embarked on a wholesale policy of war subsidies all over Europe, from the Russian Monarchist refugees to Arabia, in fact flooded the Europe of the military Treaty with capital. She financed the Polish-Russian war and any and every war interest calculated to promote French ambitions; maintained a bureaucracy of over 100,000 men; gave huge rebuilding contracts at profiteer prices; flung credit about recklessly here and there until to-day her Budget is positively unintelligible even to experts, and, as she says, her only hope is—Reparations. Reparations from a country whose mark is quoted at 1,400 and may in the next few months go to 2,000! What does it mean? It means just nonsense; yet just because it is nonsense the peril to the world is the more real. A desperate country armed to the teeth is apt to do desperate things, and to-day, despite the apparent calm and the significant silence of newspapers, whose chief policy seems to be dope, the crisis is just as grave and persistent as it was before the bankers tried the expedient of real money in exchange for sham politics.

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In Germany the position is worse. The whole of German post-war prosperity is based upon a sinking exchange which thereby enables her to exchange-dump, and so keep her factories going. The runaway exchange was Germany's open window, which the politicians at Versailles, not understanding finance, overlooked. As the mark fell, German exports increased, and with trade came work and abundance, which will continue until the bottom

of the mark falls out, as is the case with Russia, Austria, and Poland, and threatens to be the case with three-quarters of Europe. Thus the Stinnes or industrial policy began, which may be epitomised as " work, never mind the mark." But the time is coming when speculators will no longer buy German currency and German credit will collapse, and then the crash will come, hence the growing anxiety of Allied Governments to stabilise the mark and stop its further descent. No doubt this could be done, on conditions. These conditions are a sensible regulation of Reparations, say £2,000,000,000. Then the German Budget could be balanced. Germany could cash in by dividing her total paper credit by some approximate of her internal parity power, say by 400, thus enabling her to wipe out her internal debt and start afresh with a new currency. As example. If she cashed in her 300,000,000,000 paper debt by dividing by 400 marks to the sovereign, she would emerge with a debt of £750,000,000, a quite negotiable figure in modern conditions. She can never now return to the pre-war parity of the mark, but even then her difficulties would be fabulous. Heavy deflation would cripple her industries for years, and all premier securities would be smashed in favour of second-rate investments; thus debentures, bonds, mortgages, etc., would smash while ordinary shares benefited, with what result to the laws governing the capitalist system it would seem impossible to foresee. Special legislation guaranteeing some value to the premier securities would be essential or everyone would lose their money. That is the position. So long as Reparations remain at a figure which is not within capacity of payment, Germany has no inducement to, in fact cannot, balance her Budget, which depends upon the flyaway fluctuations of the mark, nor can she stop the printing-press, seeing that every Reparations payment can only be met by printing notes, thus adding to her inflation.

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Hence the absolute failure of the bonds. We have got them all right, but no Government will buy them. They are unmarketable, and that is why the Stinnes policy continues. In substance, it means that the economic mechanism can take care of itself, if and when it can; paper provides work and trade and profits, sufficient unto the day

is the evil thereof. And it is a policy. It is the answer to the Versailles Treaty. It is the logical exposure of the financial nonsense imposed by Treaty upon Germany, a lesson in political economy, and unless France alters her attitude and agrees to Reparations within capacity, it is difficult to see what can possibly stay Germany's financial rush into ruin even as every chimney in the Fatherland belches out the smoke of prosperity. With Germany, all the other non-economic units of remapped Europe suffocate and decline, and with Germany also France, who, beneath the dazzling display of wealth in Paris and elsewhere, is drifting into a financial impasse of which the only outcome would seem to be a division sum of demonetisation of the franc, say at 50 to the sovereign. The world's post-war crisis is finance—how to get out of the bog of debt? How to wipe out the debts, Allied and enemy? How to restore the exchanges without wholesale repudiation? And what will be the effect upon the capitalist system of credit, the gold standard, for instance, when three-fourths of Europe coolly declare bankruptcy, wipe out their debts, and emerge with brand new currencies, as if the war had cost them all nothing at all? Once done, why not again? If Government debts can at will be wiped out by repudiation, what is the real value of credit? Again, why maintain the real values of gold, which cannot so be wiped out, if paper values are so clearly the more negotiable? This is the problem confronting us all, and it is because of the conflict between the adherents of paper and those of gold that no progress has been made.

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If paper is to be the European credit system and France will agree to it, then Germany could pay £6,000,000,000; but France sticks fiercely to gold, of which she preserves a vast quantity; moreover, it is France who is most anxious to control the German paper policy, in the interest of the gold standard. The whole thing has become an absurdity, a game in numbers, a fiction which is only real in so far as credit still is, or is still thought to be, the handmaiden of gold, which, so far as the total war debt of £50,000,000,000 is concerned, may be dismissed as a demonstrated absurdity. We are really in the realms of fairy finance. There is not enough gold in the world to

pay up the Allies' debt to America, meanwhile America actually sits upon more than half of the total amount of gold yet produced out of the earth. The bankers' offer to France of £100,000,000 gold seemed to the French a mere fleabite—they want £3,000,000,000. The French secondary Budget deals in thousands of millions, what is the use of a trumpery £100,000,000? When we view the matter quietly, we realise to what an astonishing degree of ignorance or illusion a nation must have sunk that deliberately refuses good money for bad, or gold for paper, while at the same time claiming to be a champion of the gold standard which places power in the cold, calculating brains of finance and bankers. Yet this was the French reply, exactly like Shylock, demanding his pound of flesh. What the bankers said privately is not reported (nothing that matters ever is now), but their published statement is sufficient. No security, no money, is the substance, or, as the French used to say, *pas de Suisse, pas de galette*. It is the *panache* again. I am sure that Mr. Pierpont Morgan received the astonishment of his life at this French rejection of gold. To those who think, it explains the whole difficulty of peace, in a flash. It is policy—the Rhine, and because French politicians imagine that what is now known as the Derby policy here will shortly unhorse Mr. Lloyd George and govern England, the bankers met with short shrift, since all is not gold that glitters.

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The Derby policy is clearly framing up here to challenge the Coalition. It is crudely the old Toryism, based on the military underwriting of the Treaty, as Lord Derby has said. Its presumption is more astonishing than serious, for Britain will certainly not vote Conservative when the Premier at last goes to the country, not now that it has lost the pulling-power of Mr. Bottomley, especially as such a Toryism would inevitably be driven into the Unionist policy towards Ireland, which for decades has been the rallying-point of countryside Tory enthusiasm and of the Carlton Club. The Derby policy is a "punter's" game. Only the other day Lord Robert Cecil in the House whisked it aside by calling for revision of the Treaty, which also is the policy of Liberalism, Labour, and the Independents, who are likely to be a considerable force in a

new Parliament. The women are hardly likely to vote for militarism, which is what the underwriting of the Versailles Treaty implies, and business men, now that the bankers have pilloried Reparations, dare hardly vote for the continuance of conditions which provide Britain with 2,000,000 unemployed and the banks with no small part of their realisable securities, in return for overdrafts. One wonders who will vote for the Treaty; for the reconquest of Ireland; for bad trade, we who are desperately struggling to pretend that we are on a gold standard and that taxation can be safely reduced. There will be no reduction of taxation if the Derby policy materialises, for then we shall have to maintain huge forces to defend France from the onslaught of Europe when in a year or so European credit collapses and east of the Rhine the nations realise that they have all lost their money because France refused to permit Europe to recover.

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The French are making a great mistake about us, due to their insular inability to take a new orientation. We all long to see a happy, cultured France, restored to her rights, living in peace and prosperity, but having a debt of £8,000,000,000 we cannot be expected to do for France what Cromwell did and re-establish Louis XIV. We cannot keep two Budgets, one for the public, the other to play diplomacy with. We cannot maintain an army of 500,000 men to maintain France's control over Europe. We cannot feed ourselves, therefore we must export; that is to say, somebody must be in a position to buy from us year by year or we shall grow poorer, as is the case with us to-day. Our Colonies need European purchasing-power or we cannot sell to them, that is our problem, and real peace, real trade, real credit are the only solution, quite apart from any moral or civilised reason which none the less is of vital importance to our whole credit and imperial continuity. We at least cannot raise black conscripts to police Europe and survive as an Empire. We are not of the stuff that Gallic dreams are made of.

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Look at Austria. Has any nation been in a more ludicrous plight? Austria has no economic justification. Blockaded by the tariffs of the Succession States, she is

an oasis, a corpse masquerading on the traditions of a great city whose only life are hotels maintained for foreigners battening on an absurd exchange. Her only hope is unity with Germany, but at the very notion Paris turns pale with fright. What will happen? She will be the first to smash. Her currency will evaporate and perhaps some foreign currency will come in, marks or francs. The farce cannot endure. Austria's basic wealth has been parcelled up and divided among her despoilers; she is a pitiful example of the wisdom of Versailles, and now no man's credit can help her. The only sound thing in Europe is Czecho-Slovakia, yet even she is politically on a quicksand, for she has a racial majority against her, and unless she displays real statesmanship she will find her independence a vain thing even in this generation. As for Poland, one can only whisper, God help her! Such is the European cauldron which apparently France aspires to keep in seething discord for ever and a day. To what end? For whose benefit? And yet we are not building aeroplanes! And we wonder at our loss of markets! Russia remains the enigma. We have committed the same mistake towards her that we committed towards the French Revolution, as we will duly discover. Bolshevism is dying of inanition, as all purely physical policies do, but Russia will not return to the pre-war conditions of Tsardom and the French military alliance. That is where France has made a colossal blunder. She adopts the same attitude towards Germany as she did in the years of *revanche*, though Hohenzollernism is dead and a German Republic is entitled to every opportunity of free development. So we said during war. To-day, French policy is forcing Germany and Russia together, as the clipped giants of Europe, and as such they will emerge from their trials. Any idea of stability is illusionary. If France seized the Rhine, she would merely recast the map for the next war, in which Russia would not fight for her. A federal Russia of Free States would certainly not enter into a military agreement with France, and so Russia will remain Europe's military problem for years. In this war tangle of suffocated nations Britain has no interest. Lord Derby may like the Futuristic pandemonium of this Treaty map, but the men who fought in the war will certainly not fight for it, and

taxpayers will certainly not pay for it. The revision of the Treaty is a physical inevitability.

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We need not trouble much about The Hague, what with the absence of America and the opposition of France, and so we are likely to go on drifting until the bankers attempt once more to obtain France's assent to sensible Reparations. If M. Poincaré was a statesman, he would send over Frenchmen to take our and Europe's pulse anent that question, and see if he cannot find a French financial expert. For laws are laws and the smash grows more and more imminent and is now threatening France herself. The danger is despair, and history shows that France is consistently impulsive. We ought now to take a firm lead and come out with a definite policy of debt cancellation, of revision of the Treaty, of credit restoration, of trade. Why in the world does the Premier not do this? He will get nowhere with Conferences—without America, who alone has real credit. He will achieve nothing through diplomacy, or Notes, or luncheons, or speeches, for France has a definite policy, we have not: we are still the table-turning end of the Supreme Council, with Paris at the end of the trumpet. The French cannot understand why we don't want to castrate and destroy Germany according to the laws of the Medes and Persians. The need is therefore of a policy, backed by a mandate, a British policy of constructive realism.

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But things move, and two acts of progress characteristically ignored by our Press indicate the trend. At Genoa, the economic experts frankly recommended a monetary devaluation policy, which, though France and Belgium indignantly refused, will without any doubt eventually be followed—even by them. They even exhorted nations with over a fifty per cent. currency depreciation to start the process. That means that the major part of Europe will stabilise on internal power of parity and not attempt a now hopeless deflation. Thus, say, 200 or 400 marks to the sovereign; 80 lira; 2,000 Polish marks; 2,000,000 roubles; 5,000 kronen; 100 dinar, lei, etc. But that is only mechanism. The real problem will lie in the problem of values of securities, not in currency which is only a numerical

artificiality, and on this point there is a curious unrelieved silence. Yet it is the key not only to all stabilisation, but to the very maintenance of the capitalist system as we know it, and probably nothing can or will be done until Europe is stung by cruel circumstance to call in the economists to prescribe for a common disease and treat the currency problem of Europe as a whole. The second act of progress was recorded in France. At the recent French local elections, the *bloc National*, or Tardieu Poincaré school, was routed. A new spirit is rising in France, who has begun to recover her sanity, perspective, and true inspiration. These local elections in France are a sure index of her political mood. They herald the knell of her present policy, and the rise of new men into power, men who are in touch with European requirements, who dare to think once more. All friends of France will welcome this sign of change, for nothing could be unkinder to France at this juncture than to encourage her mistaken belief that sectional newspaper clamour represents England, or that now that we have buried the dead the living are prepared to take Russia's pre-war place as the blind fighting ally of France sworn to stand by her side, as was Russia, on any pretext and at any time in the interests of a controlling sociocracy. Europe cannot endure very long as constituted, and the bankers, like Lemurs, await liquidation. Our interests lie mainly overseas, with our Colonies, with the East, in the discovery of markets for buying and selling outside Europe, for until Europe cracks and credit is once more placed upon a stabilised basis Europe economically will mean little to us, either as buyer or seller. The quagmire of financial Europe offers no advantage; the depths must first be plumbed; the crash is now the precondition of solvency. We cannot do business with 400,000,000 of people in Europe who have no credit, for as they are not producing so they cannot buy. The problem of Europe is thus the Treaty of Versailles in its political aspect *versus* those 400,000,000 sufferers in their economic plight, and until a solution is found, Europe will remain the cockpit of a Peace of hate and decline. Fortunately, we need not be engulfed. Yet as we are largely responsible for this cultural disgrace, so we cannot shirk our duty, which is to frame a salving single policy of recovery.

If it were economically sound, it would start the springs of rebeginnings. The Premier should say to France—unless he would prefer another to say it for him—here is our programme, and here is Mr. Pierpont Morgan, the gold apothecary, smoking a cigar in the waiting-room. Choose this or that, credit or chaos, gold or demonetisation, and on it appeal to the country, which is not uninterested in the value of the franc. That too is essential, if only to convince France that the Derby policy can never be the old Izvolsky-an press financed Tsarist one. The proper thing is to work hand in hand with America on a joint programme. At any rate an opportunity has come for sensible discussion over France's repudiation of the bankers, for there we stand on earth. We should place before France the considered economic opinion of the world upon Reparations and ask her to decide for paper or gold. If then she still preferred paper, the issue would be further simplified. We should be free to go our own way towards light and healing and peace.

Why Mothers Curse

By Violet Grantham

THE servant problem—the unmentionable thing—has become almost as mysterious as Reparations, and yet its diagnosis is pretty clear; the clue is the " new morality," or new woman. It is woman's era, they say. We see her everywhere panting to serve for hire, and yet authorities assure us that women's position since the war has hardly improved and many, many tens of thousands are out of work.

On examination we find this peculiarity, that women are ready to work anywhere except in private houses, and then preferably on day work, payment by the hour (9*d*. is the price), and sleep out. Girls jump at the prospect of doing routine work in a factory, cooped up like fowls packed for market; they rush into shops, restaurants, office work; they will clean street windows, stone steps, door handles, etc., in overalls with relish, though it is hard work and very bad for women's physique; they will do the nastiest kind of jobs in a factory, to the ruin of their hands, their complexions, their digestions, their nervous systems, and yet they will not go into private houses. (Only crocks " go out " now).

The diagnosis leads to this baffling fact: women are striving to do the work hitherto done by men, the very work in the very conditions that has *turned our manhood into a C3 population*. I have not noticed that suffragist leaders have ever touched upon this point, nor have our women politicians dilated upon this strange anxiety of girls to compete with men on a C3 basis; but there it is, and the reason is—liberty.

Put it down to the war, good; the problem remains. What is the result? It is in effect a little sex class war. The new woman does not like to be run by another woman. Servants enter houses determined to make friction, and always the objective is—" she." She is the common enemy. They

" won't be told." Mostly inexperienced and untaught, servants do not want to learn. They delight in upsetting a house. They now have a kind of trades union law, which is that if one quits all quit. Work as little as possible, eat as much as possible, make as much trouble as possible, that is the idea; and so the picture to-day is of one constant progress of maids from one house to another. This ridiculous system is deliberately encouraged by the servants' agencies business, which thrives the more floating servants become, for then the more are the fees.

And the reverse side? It is this serious condition that the work of the house falls on the mother and wife. To-day, mothers not married to rich men who can afford to pay absurd prices, so spoiling the market, are penalised to the breaking point. It is the truth to say that all over the country mothers are breaking down physically. Homes are ceasing to be. All who can afford it send off their children to schools—little boys of 5 and 6, and now the girls—chiefly to gain a little quiet in between the holidays, and when the holidays come round the servants bolt.

" No children "—that is the demand. Well-to-do old maids, bachelors (Oh, yes, bachelors always), and childless parents get on fairly well, for the maids have less to do, but the house with the children is taboo; the cook walks out; Minnie follows; Helen refuses to clean the boots; ask any mother throughout England, look at her nerve-wrought face, watch her trying to run the home, cook the meals, dust the rooms, buy the food, aided by a " tweenie " who sits on the kitchen table and chants " Over the cowshed."

The rich can cope with the problem—they pay blind. Some let things rip in mortal fear. I know a lady with three servants, every room of whose house is infested with moths—the carpets, the curtains, even the fur coats—but she dare not complain. " My dear," says she, " I never interfere." Our homes are rapidly disappearing. Mothers are turning sour or into neurasthenics. In fact, so real is the difficulty that young folk when they marry agree not to have children. The young couple who marry and have children to-day "ask for it," for servants usually leave when " she " is expecting, and their pet abomination is the trained nurse; or anybody trained.

Of course, our Victorian houses are largely to blame, our man-made houses which seem especially made to provide work, and our absurd kitchen ranges, coal fires, basements and labour-making arrangements, and the work involved is hard. All that I grant, but that is not the human side of the problem. The human side is what matters. Servants are smashing up the English homes. They are driving wives out of bed and board. They are driving the children away from parental control. They are making the *sterile marriage a religious virtue.*

This is where women, if they have any national sense, or sex instinct, should come in. In England to-day the mother is the household bottle-washer, with shattering results to her nerves. She has to be a scold to the children. She ceases to be a wife to her husband. She has no leisure to read or amuse herself, all the time meals confront her, that range, the beds, buying food, for the husband innocently expects all to be perfect and is surprised that his wife looks pale, as are his friends when they hear of "restitution rights." To be a mother, unless she lives in a cottage or her husband has £2,000 a year, is a mug's game.

Now in America women do things. They think and organise politically. They cleaned up the dirty food traffic. They insisted upon labour-saving houses. Coal is unknown in the kitchen. They make things hum. But here our women look on apathetically. They don't tackle the crying social problems in their midst. They don't seem to possess either organisation or opinion, and yet the mothers of England are being turned into drones and childless marriages are the pact and essence of modern marriage.

And yet thousands of women are receiving doles. Tens of thousands are wrecking their bodies in factories, shops, and restaurants, who will become unfit to bear children. The illusion is "liberty," nights, men, cinemas, etc. As the last girl, aged 16, who gave me notice put it: "I like a hot-water bottle, same as you."

Is there a remedy? Of course there is. We want newly designed houses. We want electricity to cook by. We want a mothers' organisation. We want a properly trained servant business. It is foolish for servants to

pretend they won't be servants while they are dying to be hack factory hands, to stand all day in shops, to rush about in hot restaurants doing manual labour. Yet this is so, and the true reason is the free evening, the war, the new morality—liberty!

The question of day work arises. That might answer, provided the work done was tolerably efficient, which it isn't. This class of work is performed mostly by wholly untrained women who have no desire to be trained. The price, 9*d*. an hour, is too high, but if that is to be a solution, then we may say good-bye to the home and settle down to a declining population with the mother as a curiosity. That is what she is to-day. The old maid with her wheezing pug wins. The sterile marriage is trumps. If so, why marry at all? Far more enjoyable to be some man's girl. Infinitely easier to condemn the home and the nursery as the last resort of the bored and idle rich.

To sum up, the mother to-day is a curse to herself, because the moment she has children she finds herself unpaid cook-general. She becomes "she." Servants declare war. The care of the house overwhelms her. She gives up her pleasures and games, and becomes housekeeper. Now a woman cannot be cook and housemaid at once and shine in beauty, and soon the husband notices a change. The house is charged, the servants notice it and rejoice, then one leaves, and the agencies pocket their fees.

Now among the girls who serve in Lyons' restaurants, at Jones's, the A.B.C.'s, etc., you don't find the studied insolence, the deliberate inefficiency, the senseless hostility of attitude inspiring the maids who still condescend to serve in private houses, and it is a curious psychological fact. In these public places the girls work, under overseers, like niggers, yet they work for the most part cheerfully and at least pleasingly, but in a house they all conspire together to get a down on "her," to get all and give little, and annoy, though their work is far lighter and they can have baths, clean beds, and good food, which seventy per cent. of those waiting in public places have to go without. A restaurant manager told me he could sack all the girls, 65, every week and refill twice over. Yet these girls refuse private service. For some reason they

would rather be commercial slaves than domestic servants. And their earnings are less, too. A restaurateur with a vast experience of girls explained the thing to me thus: "Girls will do any work if they can see and be seen. In a house they are not seen or on a free footing. They are jealous of the happy well-to-do wife. They know too that 'he' won't flirt with them."

Perhaps this cynic is right about my sex.

It is a sign of the times. Nor has this condition anything to do with Labour. If the maids' attitude was prompted by leanings towards Socialism, one could at least understand, but that is the last thing they are thinking about. Their Socialism is wood-silk stockings; the electric; Charlie; greater snobs never existed.

The servants' problem is woman's new morality. The sufferer is the mother. As the chief persons in the State, the mothers have the remedy in their hands. If they acquiesce, it is their fault. Certainly, the middle-class home and marriage are at stake.

A friend of mine was about to have a child. The cook had left the week before, the maid two days later. On the day after the delivery the husband asked the remaining girl to stay in that afternoon and help. Her reply seems to me tragically typical of post-war England. She said: "This is my afternoon with the Girl Guides."

The husband told me he nearly executed Carpentier's punch upon this perfervid "patriotic" maiden. Always we play at things. What are the Girl Guides trained for—that Mary's duty lay with them, playing at lighting wood, like Red Indians, or following a trail, or making-believe that her uniform was saving England, while indignantly refusing to help a woman who had just given birth to a child because it was her Guides afternoon "out"? I should like some Girl Guides captain to adjudicate upon this case. Was Mary right or wrong? If right, then what in the name of reason, sex, race, or common sense is the purpose or use of this feminine mock-military organisation with its policemen's whistles, bowie knives, and pretty badges for proficiency.

"What did you do?" I inquired of the husband. "Sacked her," he replied. And then? "I had to pay that little brat a month's wages—and board."

I cooked for my friend for three weeks. Meanwhile Mary went on the out-of-work dole, and warned the agencies in the town against sending " decent girls " to so brutal a house.

" Be a mother," said a charming girl friend of mine who was about to be married, " catch me. I've told Peter that I'll only have a child when he earns £2,000 a year." That is the servants problem in a nutshell.

P.S.—A note on the Servants Agency ramp, which to-day has assumed fantastic proportions, and explains much. Here is the procedure. The charge for a servant is on an average 30*s*., of which 15*s*. is cash down as deposit. Until a deposit is made the agency will do nothing. What happens? Mrs. B. planks down 15*s*. to be on the books. If a maid arrives, the remaining 15*s*. is due after a fortnight. The maid leaves at the end of the month, no matter, the money is forfeit, and for a new search the fee business starts again. The absurdity is that maid-hunters must pay their deposit, the Agency incurring no liability. Here is a typical case. Mrs. A. wants a cook and pays her deposit. No cook comes. At the end of the month Mrs. A., in despair, engages a local " temporary " who asks £1 5*s*. per week and can hardly cook a potato, and this fact closes the Agency's account. The Agency writes Mrs. A. off and nets the deposit. If Mrs. A. six weeks later inquires why no cook has been sent, the answer is that Mrs. A. is " suited "—the deposit is forfeit; if a new cook is required the fees start afresh.

No wonder Agencies thrive. Small wonder if servants perambulate from house to house, for every servant who quits means a certain 15*s*. to the Agency, and in most cases 30*s*. As constituted, the Agency business should be called the " Quick-change Deposit and Loss, Ltd."

Now men would not stand this nonsense for three weeks. Why do women put up with it? It is not business. In America the women would smash that kind of thing at once. Where is Lady Rhondda? Where is the Law? Agencies can pocket money for no service, that is the point. Anyone can start an agency and pocket the fees, and yet never supply a servant.

The New Political Economy

By Threadneedle Street

QUITE unknown to the vast majority of people, the economists at Genoa made a new law, which is that devaluation of the currency is sound (gold standard) economics, thus pointing the way out to all " paper " peoples. The significance of this move is not generally understood. It means that Government-issued money can at will be halved, quartered, or fractioned into any ratio, the only real effect being that holders lose their money in proportion.

If this is good economics, then political economy, as known and preached, is dead scientifically, for the only reason for this procedure is necessity, it being to-day an accepted truth that nations cannot work back to a pre-war parity owing to the ravages of deflation, which cause even more harm than inflation. Government credit thus becomes a Government specific, outside the laws of real credit. No individual can write off his debts as the economists recommend Governments to do; no corporation or trading concern can. We are entering upon a new science of money —cash credit which is real, *i.e.*, has to be paid; Government credit which can be devalued according to the volume of paper issue. What this really means is that national credit is a myth.

For purposes of war the acceptance of such a theory seems highly relevant. Nations will in future not trouble about credit, since political economy has recognised the mythical nature of credit in its relation to gold, and there need be no limit to a nation's liability for war purposes.

The next question is—what about it? The experts apparently divide Europe now into two categories, those who can stand up on gold, those who cannot, the dividing line being a fifty per cent. depreciation. Hence, three-fourths of Europe are " off " gold, the happy possessors of mythical credit. True, their peoples will lose money, but they will emerge, after the operation, minus a huge national debt, therefore minus taxation; moreover, once the precedent is established there seems no reason why Governments should ever worry either about depreciation or credit.

Gold nations, *per contra*, are " for it." We, for instance, will have to work our way back on the dollar; our debts will be real debts, our taxation will be a long and arduous process for decades. We shall see Europe free and solvent, after the operation, while ourselves working to pay every farthing of interest on the debt, as it rises in value with our credit. It is not exactly a " victory " prospect, yet the economists lay this down as the law—the new law which makes Gresham a true prophet.

It will be extraordinarily interesting to watch how the peoples take this medicine, particularly the gold peoples and Socialists and all economic doctrinaires. Russia can wash out her flood of paper overnight and start afresh with a new currency without a debt, without the need of an income tax. Why do the Bolshevists not do this at once? They have no scruples. They can in this way return to the capitalist system with the full *imprimatur* of the economists, who are really thinking first and foremost of the gold standard, *i.e.*, of the calls on gold, which constitute the basis of modern finance as opposed to the old idea of capitalism as the handmaiden of wealth.

If this is all, then Europe's war debt can and will be wiped out, with the sponge of devaluation, and probably this will be the solution. But such a solution can only be a rebeginning of a new political economy, for peoples will not long consent to see credit arbitrarily divided into real and unreal credit, or all the world will start banks, and production, which will not have the benefit of unreal credit, will cease from troubling worker or capitalist. For that is what this new law implies. The real wealth of production is to be attached to real credit, as usual; finance credit, or Government debt, will become devaluable or mythical. Defined, the law is this. National debt ceases to be real when the paper issue exceeds a fifty per cent. depreciation on gold. Stinnes is right. Paper is paper, *i.e.*, it can rebecome gold, at sight. Crœsus is out-Heroded at last. When is a debt not a debt? When it becomes Government credit. What does this mean? It means that political economy has reached its own point of absurdity. We are coming to a new token of measurement. The world non-speculative monetary tokency is in sight.

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Books

ESSAYS AND GENERAL LITERATURE.

THE PUPPET SHOW. By MARTIN ARMSTRONG. The Golden Cockerell Press. 6*s.* 6*d.* net.

MR. ARMSTRONG'S proofs entitle him to inscription in the Debrett of Letters; his exact order of precedence cannot yet be decided, but that he is "genuinely armigerous" with the requisite quarterings and descent can be taken as established by *The Puppet Show*, a slim volume of reprinted sketches, tales, fables, and studies, all a great deal better than readable. The most considerable work in point of length, "The Emigrants," proves him a psychological realist of standing, and, if this were all, he would be, within limits, placed; but that is only one facet of a mind of great variety which ranges from light-hearted ironical mysteries and witty fables to fragments of serious art, touching every note with assurance and success. In short, Mr. Armstrong has all the qualifications of a first-rate literary amateur, and he may have also the driving force to do big stuff in big measure; if so he

may some day be amongst the Dukes, and at the least he is a distinct and pleasing personality on the fringes of the great company, for behind all his variety is a rich individualism giving savour to fragments and trifles.

FICTION.

THE SECRET PLACES OF THE HEART. By H. G. WELLS. Cassell and Co., Ltd.

THIS is one up for the doctors who, by the way, refuse to recognise the now Sir H. A. Barker, the bone-setter. Broken down in health, Sir Richmond Hardy places himself in the hands of a nerve specialist who takes him away on a holiday, and the novel is the success attending the doctor's treatment. When the lady appears, the doctor withdraws. Sir Richmond Hardy returns, cured, completes his task and dies. All this gives Mr. Wells an opportunity to let off steam on many subjects which he handles brilliantly, as is his wont. He is great on love which he shakes like a cat plays with and shakes a mouse. He cannot let it alone. Finally, he gobbles it up, as the sweetest morsel on earth. This is not one of Wells' masterpieces, but it is stimulating enough. He loops the loop, so to speak, with one more book.

POETRY.

POEMS. By MURIEL STUART. Heinemann. 3*s.* 6*d.*

A VOLUME of Muriel Stuart's collected poems is an event that will be peculiarly welcome to readers of THE ENGLISH REVIEW, in which many of these numbers made their first appearance. "Andromeda," the last of this well-chosen twenty-eight, gives us the keynote of Miss Stuart's genius—Woman at long last free-footed and side by side with man but still the more authentically feminine for the loosening of her rose-decked chains. Wistfulness, tenderness, and worship of beauty; a passionate delicacy and an equally passionate refusal to be other than herself in spite of fashion are hers.

> "Poets still praise Thee, music still abounds
> And Beauty knows the hour of Thy return,
> For the Gods live albeit temples burn,
> Suffer the fools their folly, let them be,
> Wreathing each other with their wreaths of straw"

and so forth, a robust protest, welcome to all lovers of music and more than justified by such little gems of emotion as "The Orchard," in which the verisimilitude of a light betrayal is as keen and the emotion as unhampered as any *vers-librist* could attain, with the added charm of musical form. Miss Stuart abounds in lovely lines; in "Words" she gives us a pageant of those gemmed and honeyed tesseræ which the great have made to sparkle for all time. She is daring in her images, but her flights are never abortive or mere parade, whilst in tenderness and pity there are none to-day who are more sanely sweet. A well-made little book of true and delicate poems.

BOOKS

THE SHEPHERD, AND OTHER POEMS. By EDWARD BLUNDEN. R. Cobden Sanderson. 6*s*. net.

WHAT, at first sight, seems a defect in most of Mr. Blunden's numbers—a certain halting irregularity and imperfection in the metre of his chosen forms—comes, in the long run, to be almost an added quality to their rustic note. Polish would often dull the quick spirit of these familiar bits of nature, and in *vers libre* form they would lose some of the pastoral note. The poet's oaten stop has magic in it because, if his ear be untrained, his eye and his heart are filled with the tender beauties, the dear solemnities, and the loveliness of country things and country folk. Thus *The Shepherd* comes to his own, and many another well-seen bit of the old earth. Fantasy is rife in his boy in the coppice and water sport, whilst of the war poems *Reunited*, with its singular intensity, is perhaps the best; but there are many pieces the content of which is true poetry, unhampered by formal felicity, but abounding in touches which are a delight in this well-presented, substantial little book.

POLITICAL.

THE POMP OF POWER. Anonymous. Hutchinson and Co. 18*s*. net.

UNDER this absurd title, someone evidently pretty well in with the military drawing-room sets of London and Paris has put up a book calculated to intrigue students and journalists chiefly because it is anonymous, secondly because the author must have an object and it is not easy to discover what that object is, lastly because it is somewhat on the lines of Repington, and, when dealing with French matters, displays considerable inside knowledge and judgment. He shatters the world's illusion of Joffre, inquires into the Nivelle offensive, discusses the "unique" command, as he calls it (is he a Frenchman?), and has a piquant chapter on French politicians. Later he turns to us; discusses Northcliffe, Lloyd George, Caillaux, the Versailles Treaty, and Asquith. He belongs clearly to the military school; advocates a military alliance with France and sticks to the Treaty, thereby revealing his ignorance of economics. The chief interest will centre on the authorship, for in many ways his judgments are sound and balanced, and he must have been in close touch with Generals, Cabinets, and the Society world which governs England, also he knows France. His enemy is Caillaux, so much is obvious, but he shows no big grasp, no understanding of the post-war world, and his opening chapter reads like propaganda. The book will be talked about. Its author is easily "spotted."

LET FRANCE EXPLAIN. By F. BAUSMAN. Allen and Unwin. 10*s*. 6*d*. net.

THIS is an American attempt to gauge the true responsibility for the war, and though the author has German antecedents and a natural bias his contentions can no longer be dismissed, as they would have been even a year ago. He exonerates Britain, while dwelling on the weakness of Lord Grey's attitude due to the secret understandings with France and Russia, which crippled his initiative, and, no doubt, rightly shows that the guilt lay more with Russia than with Germany, also with

Austria under Count Berchtold. The truth is, in view of the revelations out of the Russian archives, that Sazonov and Izvolsky, in control of France, and by "permissive" arrangement even of Britain, did plan war; did seize the first opportunity to mobilise, against the Tsar's orders, thereby causing German automatic mobilisation. In fact, the papers now obtainable make it impossible for us to continue the fiction that Germany plotted war deliberately to conquer Europe. Of the pre-war policies, that of Russia was without any question the most sinister and bellicose, and unfortunately France did nothing to stay her reckless hand.

SOCIAL.

THE ETERNAL MASQUERADE. By H. DENNIS BRADLEY. Werner Laurie, Ltd. 7*s.* 6*d.*

CLEARLY Mr. Dennis Bradley is an Irishman—which accounts for his disdain of Carlyle, a Scot, and of Cromwell, the Puritan, for Mr. Bradley's philosophy is joy, and in his pose of *Sartor redivivus* his *codpiece* is a strange arquebus. The book is divided into three portions: (1) Sartor sardonic, (2) historic, (3) modern, and in clothes Mr. Bradley knows some. But clothes are merely his cloak or wimple. His *motif* is life, the liberty of man, peace, a new order, and thus equipped he lashes out at history and historians, and pleads for a new order. To say that his assertions are controversial is too mild; they are futurist. He knocks down all the "pets" of tradition from "fat" Boadicea to Buonaparte, reviews the whole gamut of English history with a dictionary of generalisations. Then there are the epigrams. They literally "wind" one, and some of them are very good. He stumbles about, loves the word "beastly"; he venerates King Charles, Walpole, and even Queen Victoria; but he is a wise man about women. The book leaves one hot, gasping. Is it serious? What does he mean? Yes! doubtless Mr. Bradley is serious, almost a missionary. The last chapter shows that (see what he says about Finance). He feels, and, possessing great moral courage, he turns his wit and fury upon mankind, the herd, and the knaves who rule them without stint. There are some brilliant bits in this astonishingly dogmatic, emotional, unkempt historical review, and not a few deeply penetrating *aperçus*. It is jolly good fun, anyway, unless one is an historian; but, fortunately for Mr. Bradley, historians have no trade union. Here and there white passages of truth fascinate. Sometimes he hits the bull's eye with such a bang that the reader must fain smile. One can only say "Go it, Mr. Bradley. Do it again." We need this kind of mental shock. And many of his points are true enough, that about L. G.'s Bradburies being worth a Henry VIII. debased sovereign, and that on Cromwell's Belfast Eton collars. What will Oxford and Cambridge say?